

MR. JOHN STUART MILL spoke next, the noise rendering him almost entirely inaudible even at a distance of three yards. He said it would be useless for him, considering the circumstances, to attempt to make a speech. It had, he said, been thought by his supporters that the advanced Liberal party was entitled to representation, and that an example should be set there of the election of a member for some other reason than the possession of money. His opinions had been often expressed both orally and in print, and he would not trouble the assembly by endeavouring to repeat them.

MR. W. H. SMITH followed, and was if possible, less audible than Mr. Mill. He spoke, however, much longer to the reporters and other gentlemen immediately around him, there being nothing but gesticulations to every one else. He was understood to say that his qualifications were those of a straightforward man of business, and that having lived in Westminster all his life, he would, if elected, devote himself to the interests of the constituency at large.

A show of hands was then taken, and the returning officer declared it to be in favour of the Hon. Captain Grosvenor and Mr. W. H. Smith.

A poll was then demanded on behalf of Mr. Mill. On Tuesday Captain Grosvenor and Mr. Mill were returned by considerable majorities over Mr. Smith.

THE ELECTION AT LAMBETH.

The nomination of candidates for Lambeth took place on Monday morning, at ten o'clock, when a noisy and numerous assembly exhibited the usual signs of approbation and disapprobation of the respective candidates usual on such occasions. It was a good-humoured meeting, however, and everything went on in a quiet and orderly manner.

Mr. ONSLOW, the returning officer, opened the proceedings at ten o'clock precisely, by reading her Majesty's writ, after which he expressed an earnest desire that each of the candidates would obtain a fair and patient hearing. Mr. Doulton, as the senior member, would be proposed in the first instance, then Alderman Lawrence, Mr. T. Hughes would follow, and then Mr. Haig (laughter), and he had again to express an earnest wish that the proceedings should be conducted in a quiet and orderly manner.

Dr. EVANS then came forward to propose Frederick Doulton, Esq., as a fit and proper person to represent the borough in parliament. (Cheers.)

Mr. ROBERT TAYLOR proposed Alderman J. C. Lawrence, as a second candidate.

Mr. G. F. WILSON proposed Thos. Hughes, Esq., as a fit and proper person to represent them in parliament. (Cheers.)

Mr. FRANCIS FOWLER next stepped forward as the nominator of Mr. James Haig. He said it was the duty of every elector to hear persons of every kind of politics who came forward to represent them in parliament, and as the gentleman for whom he now appeared was of different politics to the other three candidates, he for that reason came forward to support Mr. James Haig. (Cheers and laughter.) He did not profess the same principles as those of the gentlemen who had been just placed before them, that was no reason why he should not be proposed. (Cheers and laughter.)

Mr. FREDERICK DOUTON, then came forward, and was very loudly applauded. He congratulated himself and those who with him sought the honour of representing the borough of Lambeth, on the manner in which the election had been conducted to the present moment. (Cheers.) All the candidates acted as honourable men, and he hoped that although two of them must be disappointed, they would continue to do so to the end. (Cries of "Hear, hear.") Three years ago he stood before them as a candidate, on the ground that his political principles were similar to theirs; but, having been their representative, they were now enabled to judge his acts, and by that test he was prepared to abide. (Hear, hear.) Those three years, during which he had the honour of being one of their members, were three eventful years, when circumstances occurred which, but for the wise administration of Lord Palmerston, might have produced the most serious consequences. Without being a slavish adherent of that Government, he gave it his general support as an independent member, and if they sent him again to parliament it must be in the same capacity. (Cheers.) What the future legislation of the country might be would depend on the conduct pursued by the electors of the United Kingdom during the next few weeks, but he must be permitted to say that the question of reform had been too long delayed. (Cries of "Hear, hear.") He was an advocate for a further extension of the franchise to the working man, but he had no fresh claims upon their attention. They sent him before the House of Commons, and he could truly and conscientiously say he did his duty. (Cheers.) That being the case he hoped they would be early at the poll on the following day to support him, for he had too much reliance on them to believe they would reverse their former decision. (Loud cheers.)

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Mr. ALDERMAN LAWRENCE next presented himself, and was cheered by his supporters. He could not, he said, plead the length of service in their cause which Mr. Doulton could, because he had represented them but for a very short time, but during that time he fulfilled every promise he had given. (Cheers.) In point of fact the electors of Lambeth sought him, and he did not seek them (cheers and groans), for when a deputation waited upon him from this borough on a former occasion, his answer was that unless they could show him that a strong feeling existed in his favour he should decline to come forward. (Cheers, and cries of "No, no.") Something was said about the necessity of having a local candidate, but he did not base his claim upon that. He had long taken a deep interest on all the leading questions of the day, and assisted in fighting the great battle of reform. (Cheers, and cries of "No, no.") There was not a committee formed for that purpose in the City of London or the surrounding boroughs of which he was not a member. (Hear, hear.) He appealed to those who knew him if he had not at all times paid great attention to the condition of the people, and always argued that their admission within the pale of the constitution would strengthen instead of injure it. (Cheers.) He had also devoted himself to the social and religious instruction of the children of the working classes. (Cheers, and cries of "Oh, oh.") For nineteen years, indeed from his boyhood, a large portion of his leisure hours was given for that purpose as a Sunday-school teacher. (Cheers.) When work was to be done he had never been found wanting. On the great question of labour and capital he had always befriended the working classes. (Cheers, and some cries of dissent.) Well, if they did not believe him, they were at liberty to apply to his own workpeople, and he would abide by their decision. No Government could tempt him, and he should therefore be at all times ready to devote his whole energies to their service. (Cheers.)

Mr. HUGHES came next, and was received with great cheering. He said the reception they had given him proved that he made no mistake in coming forward as a candidate to represent them great borough in the House of Commons. (Cheers.) He was there in consequence of the dissatisfaction of a large portion of the inhabitants of that borough with their representatives. (Cries of "No, no.") He inquired into it, and found it was so. (Continued cries of "No, no.") The next question, then, for him to consider was, whether, assuming that to be true, he was the man. (Cheers.)

of "Yes, yes," and "No, no.") That question would be tested, not to-day, but to-morrow, at the polling, and he asked them all to go there and vote for the man they considered the best. (Cheers.) That borough was said to be one of the most corrupt boroughs possible. (Cheers, groans, and cries of "Oh, oh.") It had been said that no man could be returned without an outlay of several thousands of pounds—(cries of "Oh, oh")—but he could say for himself that the whole of his canvassing was done for nothing. (Cheers.) Two hundred working men had given him their time for that purpose, after their own work was done. (Cheers.) They all knew what his political principles were. He had been among them during the last month, and as for the question of reform, he had no fear whatever for the result. Seventeen years ago, in that beautiful park behind them—which was then a common—body of men, determined on reform, assembled together, and caused some noise. Yet they were the very class of men now entrusted with arms as volunteers. (Cheers.) That one fact proved there was no fear from the people, and that the true principle to be adopted was inclusion, and not exclusion. (Cheers.) He expressed a hope that the election would be conducted in a proper manner, and for himself he could assure them he had not since his canvas spoken personally of any candidate whatever. (Cheers.)

MR. HAIG, in coming forward, proposed three cheers for the Queen. He wished that all those assembled were electors, for by the exhibition of their feeling on that occasion he was sure he would be one of the successful candidates. (Cheers and laughter.) He had to regret that the White printer had failed to get out his address, and therefore many of those electors who had not seen it were still unaware of his principles. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Cries of "Why not have appeared before?" "You started when the ship sailed!" He was good naturally and well received. In conclusion Mr. Haig said he did not depend on that day, but called, on the electors "to come to the poll to-morrow." (Cheers and laughter.)

Mr. ONSLOW then asked the assemblage to hold up their hands for the candidates whom they wished as their representatives, which being done for each separately, the show of hands was declared in favour of Mr. Doulton and Mr. Hughes.

[As our limited space precludes the possibility of giving a detailed account of all the elections, we have described the proceedings at Lambeth and Westminster, being, perhaps, the most interesting of the metropolitan contests.]

ELECTION SCENE AT ROW-CHOW-CUM-DOW.

For upwards of six years the quietude of Row-chow-cum-dow has scarcely been disturbed; but during the past week the free and independent electors, and the doubly noisy non-electors, have been in such a babel of confusion as to drive them all next door to perfect madness. Real lords have shook hands with many a beggar-paw, children have been patted on the head, kind and complimentary words have been addressed to the electors' wives; in fact, the urbanity of the candidates has been something surprising.

But then the rows, the fights, the crushed hats, torn clothes, the hootings and howlings, on the other hand, have been absolutely terrific. Let our readers turn to our double centre-page engraving, and the chances are that he will trace his own favoured village, town, or borough, in the identical Row-chow-cum-dow before him. Such a scene almost beggars description. But those who would wish to read one of the most racy accounts of an election scene, we would refer to the "Pickwick Papers." Our picture requires no description. The general incidents of the nomination-day at an election stand out prominently enough to be readily recognised, and thus we leave our readers to contemplate it.

THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE-SHOOTING MEETING.

The real business at Wimbledon fairly commenced on Monday, but, as on all previous occasions, the first day is not a very exciting one, the matches being few and not commencing till one o'clock, and everybody being largely engaged in deciding as to what contestants they should take part in, and making their entries, or in completing their camp arrangements. Throughout the morning those who had come into camp were engaged in "getting things in order," trenching round their tents, and duly marking and staking the ample provision which all seem fortunately to have brought with them.

The enclosure generally did not present a very animated appearance, the heavy showers and the severe storms of wind rendered it impossible to hoist the flags, and the poles stood like scaffolding, undecorated, and very uninteresting in appearance. One huge flag, however, attracted general attention. It was the Scottish lion at the camp of the London Scottish; but this was not deemed sufficient to make the nationality of our friends from the "Land o' Cakes" apparent, and so in front of their mess-tent—and a glorious tent it is—are thistles; where they grow, or how they got there, it would be difficult to tell; but they stand some four or five feet high, and have the proportions of a not insignificant tree.

The Victorians, too, seem to have completed their arrangements, and fenced themselves in; and the Earwig, which was only seen last year in the shape of a witty, clever little paper, now figures in gold on the top of a pole fronting the editor's tent, and we have to announce to-day the appearance of No. 2 of the Earwig. It comes out spasmodically, but there is a promise of an issue of more than one during the present meeting. There are so many good things in it that it is quite difficult to pick out a quotation; but to give our young friend (who, by the way, is published for the low charge of nothing), a helping hand, we would quote a clever skit on the use of small-bore rifles, which though patronised by some of the corps, are considered rather a bore by others. The Earwig, in reference to small (bore), contains the following announcement:

"Lost.—A black leather bag, containing the following articles:—

A theodolite, mariner's compass, finger-glass, brass blowpipe, 1 cwt. of Wensham Lake ice, blacksmith's anvil, weathercock painted green, musical snuff box, bottle-jack, razor-strop (a little worn), small air-pump, boot-jack and cinder-sifter to match, hydro-pul, milk-pail and crust-stand en suite, one volume of 'Arnot's Elements of Physics,' toasting-jork, centribit and ormolu glue-pot, pair of globes, 'Jack and the Beanstalk' (with beautifully coloured engravings), a gold thimble, a nutmeg-grater, a pair of spurs, a small string of glass beads, and a patent antifrictional, refrigerative, perspective, eight developer, and some other articles connected with accurate shooting. They were last seen in the possession of the owner in a cab, near the Elephant and Castle, on his way from Bow to Arrow on the day of the Tottenham match."

The principal competition of the day was that between the representatives of Oxford and Cambridge Universities for the bronze medal, which singularly enough fell to one of the Cambridge six, although the aggregate score of Oxford exceeded by four points that of the sister University.

Colour-Sergeant Cross, London Rifle Brigade, was the winner of the City of London bronze medal with a total score of forty-three. The Tower Hamlets bronze medal was carried off by Private Birkby with a total score of thirty-two.

A FIRST-RATE WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for 2s stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pen-case and Pen-shaving-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 80,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORRO, 25, Oxford-street, London.—[Advertisement.]

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The Empress, in accepting from the Paris Cricket Club for the Prince Imperial a full set of articles requisite for the game, sent the subjoined note to M. Drouyn de Lhuys, president of the club:—

"Tulleries, June 7.

"Sir,—The foundation of a cricket club cannot fail to promote the development of the public health, if the practice of the game should become as general as I desire, and as your efforts give reason to hope. I heartily applaud this institution, and accept with pleasure the implements of the game which you have had the kindness to offer to the Prince Imperial. You are well aware, sir, of my sentiments of high esteem and goodwill for yourself."

"EUGENIE."

The young prince has forwarded the sum of 2,000L (£80) to the club as a mark of the interest he takes in its welfare.

La Publiciste of Marseilles informs us that no less than 6,000 men, from the ages of twenty to forty, met in the space of ground called the Belle de Mai, and there and then took a solemn oath to abjure matrimony till a new order of things be inaugurated—that is, a radical change takes place in the habits and customs of young ladies. They demand the complete abolition of shewy and extravagant toilettes; also that expensive idleness should no longer exist. On the contrary, they require an immediate return to habits of economy and of housekeeping; in fact, they insist on an education which will train true mothers and quietly-conducted wives. Such are the conditions laid down by the bachelors' strike.

The intensity with which the cholera is raging in Egypt is matter of much concern in France, which is connected with that country in many ways. It is remarked with satisfaction in the French papers that the personnel of the consul-general has made the best possible arrangement for administering relief to the sufferers who come immediately under his care. Five French physicians are in attendance upon the sick, and nothing can surpass the zeal with which they discharge their arduous duties. Very warm and grateful mention is also made of the sisters of charity, who, in accordance with the admirable traditions of that religious order, lavish the most painstaking and affectionate attentions upon the unfortunate cholera-stricken patient.

Abd-el-Kader arrived at the Lyons Railway Station, Paris, at six o'clock on Saturday evening. The Emir and his suite in four open carriages proceeded at once to the house taken for him, No. 17, Rue Lord Byron—the same in which the Annamite Emperor resided. A good many people who knew that the old Arab chieftain was expected watched for him from windows and balconies, and cheered him as he passed along. At ten in the evening he appeared for a few minutes on the balcony of the handsome mansion in which he is lodged, and which looks over the Champs Elysées.

AMERICA.

It is reported that the health of Jefferson Davis is much improved. He is now allowed whatever food he wishes, but is still kept closely confined, and is permitted the use of no books or papers beyond the Holy Bible and a prayer-book. Nothing further has transpired in relation to his proposed trial for treason.

"Mrs. Davis," so says a correspondent of the *Herald*, "is living in Savannah in a destitute condition, without money or proper clothing, and without any servant to aid her in taking care of her young children."

Advices from the South fully confirm previous accounts of the desolation marking the line of Sherman's march, and all the adjacent country. The inhabitants are threatened with starvation, as nearly all barns and farming implements have been destroyed, and the live stock driven off. General Wilson telegraphs that he can with great difficulty procure scanty rations for his men, and predicts a famine unless supplies are at once sent to the devastated regions. A correspondent of the *New York Herald* represents the condition of South Carolina to be truly pitiable. In Columbia, once considered the most elegant city of its size in the country, the inhabitants, from the highest to the lowest, were existing in a condition of the most abject poverty, and no attempt was being made to rebuild the city. The same correspondent, whose account is indeed corroborated by several others, states that the people of that section admit themselves conquered, but declare openly their hatred for the North. It is said to be generally admitted that the planters, considering their present condition, are better off without their slaves. The mortality among the freedmen is still reported to be very great, although the authorities are making every exertion to ameliorate their condition. In Georgia and North Carolina the state of affairs is rather more promising, but is nevertheless deplorable. A correspondent says:—

"Throughout this vast region the tall, blackened chimneys, obliterated railroads, the ashes of barns and fences, misery and desolation mark the course of the avenging army, and the prospect of the inhabitants is truly poor."

RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN FRANCE.

The Paris agent on the Marseilles line to the Mediterranean Company has sent the following note to the journals:—

"A collision took place on Thursday, near the Station of Berer, between the express train starting for Marseilles at half-past eleven in the morning and an omnibus train. Two passengers and two agents of the company were killed. The number of wounded is not exactly known. According to the information received, the cause of the accident was this:—In consequence of repairs in course of execution on one of the iron ways, the circulation was for the moment confined to the other. In such circumstances, all the trains circulating on the single line were bound by the regulations to be accompanied by an agent appointed to act as pilot. The express train, by some inexplicable negligence, entered on the line without the agent who was arriving by the other train."

The *Salut Public* gives the subjoined account of the accident:—

"Unfortunately, on that day the Indian mail going to Marseilles was announced, and the agent appointed to serve as pilot or director had gone to wait at one of the stations above the Rognac, when the train from Marseilles arrived at that station. This train ought to have waited until the Indian mail had passed, but the station master allowed it to proceed, thinking it would have time to pass over the portion of the railway with a single line before the other reached that point. The contrary, however, occurred, and the two trains, one proceeding at the rate of twenty-five and the other nearly fifty miles an hour, came into collision with a terrible crash. The first carriage of the Marseilles train were smashed to pieces and heaped on each other, and the driver of the Indian mail train was killed. The catastrophe took place in the open country, at a distance from any town, and the wounded persons lay for three hours before any surgical assistance could be obtained. The scene was most horrible; the numerous victims were lying about pell-mell among the fragments of the carriages, exposed to the burning rays of the sun; the greater part had their thighs or legs crushed. One unfortunate young woman, about to become a mother, had both her legs broken, and with her last breath gave birth to a child. The agent who was accompanying one of the trains had both his legs cut off and died on the spot. At the latest moment we learn that the total number of killed is six and the wounded thirty-eight."

DYSPEPSIA AND FINS—A sure cure for these distressing complaints is known in a Treatise on Foreign and Native Herbs published by Dr. O. Phelps Brown. The prescription is given in such a provident manner that he cannot easily be deceived. It is known, as it has cured everybody who has used it, never having a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fins, as of Dyspepsia. The ingredients may be obtained of any Herbalist. Sent free to four stamps to prepay postage, &c. This work of 48 pages, beautifully illustrated in colour, also treats on Consumption, Asthma, Liver Complaints, General Debility, and gives the Herbal Remedies for their positive and permanent cure. Ad. Phelps Brown, 4, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[Advertisement.]

JULY 15, 1865.]

Notes of the Week.

An investigation was held by the Liverpool coroner into the circumstances attending the death of Mr. George Bird, a young barrister of large property, who resided at the House, Alburgh. Mr. Bird had just attained the rank of 3rd Lancashire Militia, and to commemorate the coroner invited some friends to dine with him at the Alexandra Hotel, on Friday evening week. As the evening a guest gradually departed, and at length Mr. Bird and his wife were the sole occupants of the room. They were drinking freely, and both fell asleep. Between eleven o'clock and twelve it is believed that Mr. Bird awoke, for he was seen in the street walking across the room towards the French window. He had his hands in his pockets, and sooner reached the window than he overbalanced a foremost into the street, fracturing his spine so badly a few moments afterwards. The jury brought to the effect that the deceased was accidentally killed by intoxication, and a prosecution was also brought to the want of protection at the window. We understand that he was engaged to be married within the next few weeks.

JULY 15, 1865.]

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

67

Notes of the Week.

Cricket Club for the game, sent the account of the club:—
Tulleries, June 7.
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HORRIBLE MURDER OF A MISSIONARY IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE Melbourne Age of the 25th of April gives the following narrative:—

"The Rev. Mr. Volkner, with the Rev. Mr. Grace, left Auckland in the beginning of March, in the schooner Eclipse, Captain Levy, for Opotiki, where Mr. Volkner had resided for some years. On arriving at Opotiki, Captain Levy was the first to go on shore, and seeing how matters were he returned and advised Mr. Volkner not to land, or his life would be taken. Mr. Volkner, however, said it would be all right, and was just about to leave the vessel when the natives came and carried him off. The party consisted of members from all the tribes of New Zealand, and was headed by a chief called Kereopo, belonging to the Arawas, a man of some intelligence but of the most depraved character, and another notable character of the name of Patara. It appears that on the arrival of the Eclipse the two clergymen, Messrs. Volkner and Grace, the master, and the crew, consisting of four Europeans, were taken prisoners, and placed, along with a soldier who was already a prisoner, in the hands of the natives. The captain (Mr. Levy) they at once released, on account of his belonging to the Jewish religion. The other prisoners were then marched towards Mr. Volkner's residence at Opotiki. When they arrived near a willow tree growing close by the house, and around which a large number of the inhabitants of Opotiki were assembled, they were halted within sight of it, and Mr. Volkner alone was led by a few of the party towards the tree. They pointed to a rope hanging over a branch, and told him they intended to hang him, and requested him to take off his coat. This he did, still believing the whole affair to be a practical joke. They, however, ordered him to take off his waistcoat and his neckerchief, which he also did; and believing now that their intention was murder, he begged for ten minutes to prepare himself for death. This request was granted; yet, while he was still upon his knees praying, the noose was slipped round his neck, the end of the rope drawn tight, and the man who in all sincerity and truth had ministered the gospel to them for years—this man, their friend, their pastor, their benefactor—was run up to the limb of the tree, as though he had been but a mere animal. But now comes the brutal and disgusting detail of this horrible affair. The rope was lowered, though it was not extinct; and as the body came down a Maori ripped open the bowels of the unfortunate man, tore them out, and threw them to the Maori dogs which had gathered around; his heart also was torn out, and passed round the assembled natives, as many as could cut small pieces from it and devouring them. His head was severed from the body, and carried round by the tohunga, or priest, the natives standing with upturned faces and gaping lips while it was held over them, that the blood might drip into their mouths. The head was then handed to the soldier, who was made to place it upon a spear and carry his horrible burden. They then informed Mr. Grace that they would take him and the other Europeans with them to Tauranga through the country, and that when they should have arrived at his residence they would inflict the same fate upon him as he had just seen visited on Mr. Volkner. The soldier and the crew were informed that their lot would be simply to be knocked upon the head when they were no longer required. That the murder of Mr. Volkner was not the work of a straggling party of Pal Marire natives, as supposed when the intelligence first arrived in Auckland, is placed beyond all doubt. The murder is the act of the Opotiki natives generally, and was a preconcerted act, and done after mature deliberation. Prior to the arrival of the unfortunate gentleman at Opotiki his household goods had been put up to auction among the natives, and bought for a mere fractional part of their value, and distributed throughout the tribe. The murder of Mr. Volkner, it appears, was premeditated, for one of his old flock—troubled, perhaps, with remorse at the thought of so brutal a deed—had sent a warning letter to Tauranga to prevent him, should he call there on his way, from coming on to Opotiki. That letter, unfortunately, was never received. Mr. Volkner was a native of Cassel, Germany, and a student of the Hamburg Missionary College. He came to New Zealand about eighteen years ago as a catechist in connection with the North German Missionary Society. Mr. Volkner joined the Ohuroh Missionary Society about eight years ago, and was ordained a deacon by the Bishop of Waipu on the 3rd of June, 1860, and priest within the last two years. His age was forty-six. He was esteemed as an intelligent and Christian gentleman by all who knew him. The crew of the Eclipse afterwards obtained possession of the body of the deceased gentleman and decently interred it, the burial service being read by the Rev. Mr. Grace. The Government, as soon as they received intelligence of the horrible occurrence, despatched her Majesty's steamer Eclipse to Opotiki. Bishop Selwyn went as a passenger, to obtain assistance from the friendly natives. Her Majesty's steamer Eclipse called at Tauranga, and two chiefs were there taken on board to communicate with the Opotiki natives for the release of Mr. Grace. The arrival of those chiefs created great excitement. The natives retired to hold a *runanga* to consider what should be done, and during this time Mr. Grace was left in charge of an old woman. Mr. Levy, the master of the schooner Eclipse, managed to communicate with Mr. Grace at this time, and secretly indicated to him a point where he should meet the boat of the schooner. Mr. Levy then went away and pulled up to his store, where he collected a number of sacks and placed them in the boat. He returned and picked up Mr. Grace, laid him under the sacks, and steered for her Majesty's ship Eclipse. The old woman ran and informed the natives of the escape of Mr. Grace, and they immediately rushed down to a point where they expected to be able to intercept the boat. They were, however, too late, but they fired several shots at the crew, but none of them took effect, and Mr. Grace was conveyed safely on board her Majesty's steamer Eclipse. The services of the chiefs were not required. On the schooner's boat coming alongside the Eclipse, the seamen gave three cheers for Mr. Levy and his gallant little crew."

FORD'S THEATRE AT WASHINGTON.—Ford's Theatre (where President Lincoln was assassinated) inside presents a scene of the greatest confusion. All the properties, wardrobes, furniture, &c., are piled upon the stage preparatory to packing and removing. The purchasers propose to pay 10,000 dollars to Mr. Ford this week, when the property will be conveyed to them. Strangers in the city are continually calling and asking admission to the building, but thus far none have been admitted save a few members of the press. Notwithstanding the close surveillance of the guards who have had the theatre in charge the building has been roughly used. Curiosity seekers have completely whitewashed the bench upon which "Peanut John" sat whilst holding Booth's horse, and about a yard square has been cut away from the green baize carpet, surrounding the spot where Booth's feet struck when he jumped upon the stage, after shooting the President. One of these curious visitors entered the saloon adjoining the theatre, where Booth took his last drink of brandy just before he murdered Mr. Lincoln. The visitor inquired of the bar-keeper, "Have you the same bottle on hand out of which Booth drank on the night of the assassination?" "Yes, sir." "And the same brandy in it?" "Yes, sir." "Can I have a drink of that same brandy out of that same bottle?" "Yes, sir." "Let's have it." The visitor tasted the brandy, makes a wry face, and continues, "And that's the same brandy that Booth drank?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I don't wonder that he killed the President. A drink of that brandy would make a man kill his grandmother."—*New York Times*.

DYSPEPSIA AND FIS.—A sure cure for these distressing complaints is now made known in a Treatise on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by Dr. O. Phelps Brown. The prescription was furnished him in such a providential manner that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured everybody who has used it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fis, as of Dyspepsia, and the ingredients may be obtained of any Herbalist. Sent free to all on receipt of four stamps to prepay postage, &c. This work of 48 octavo pages, beautifully illustrated in colours, also treats on Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Liver Complaints, General Debility, and gives the best known Herbal Remedies for their positive and permanent cure. Address, Dr. O. Phelps Brown, 4, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[Advertisement]

TERrible DISASTER AT SEA.

THE French steamer *Layayette* left New York on the 23rd June, and nothing extraordinary occurred until the afternoon of the 27th, when the look-out man signalled two boats, apparently laden with men. The steamer bore down to them, and took on board the occupants, who proved to be the captain, twenty-three men, and six women from the ship *William Nelson*, of New York. The captain made the following statement:—

"I am an American, and my name is John Levy; my ship was of 1,039 tons burthen, and had on board a crew of thirty men. I left Antwerp on the 2nd of June, and Flushing on the 4th, with 600 tons of rails, different other merchandise, and 420 emigrants, bound for New York. Yesterday I had just taken an observation, which showed that I was 40 deg. 21 min. north latitude, and 50 deg. 21 min. west longitude from Greenwich, when I learned that my men, in fumigating the vessel, had set her on fire. I made every effort to extinguish the flames, but they spread with such fearful rapidity that our labour was unavailing. I then ordered the four boats to be launched. In the disorder which had seized every one, they were immediately filled by those persons who were nearest at hand. I remained on board the vessel, but was soon surrounded by flames, and was obliged to throw myself into the sea, when I was picked up by one of the boats. My ship was all on fire, and my unfortunate passengers were perishing in the flames, or drowning, without my being able to assist them. The scene was horrible. This morning, at four o'clock, everything had disappeared. My four boats were laden with people; I ordered them to follow, and proceeded in a north-westerly direction, thinking I should have a chance of meeting with some ships. The two other boats cannot be far off."

The captain of the *Layayette*, in order to pick up the two other boats, determined to cruise around the spot for a time; shortly after a sail was seen ahead, and at sunset a boat was also observed at a great distance. The steamer bore down upon the latter, but the sailing ship, which proved to be the *Ilman* of Finland, being nearer, reached before the *Layayette*, and took on board the people in the boat, consisting of a woman, four children, and nine men. An officer was sent from the steamer to the *Ilman* to inform her captain of the saving of the people from the two other boats. The fourteen rescuees from the third boat then came on board the *Layayette*, and declared that they had parted company at four o'clock with the boat still missing, on board of which were thirty-seven persons. The *Layayette* continued to cruise about, firing a gun or sending up a rocket every five minutes until eleven at night, but without success, when she resumed her voyage, after having received from the captain of the *Ilman* the promise to remain all night on the spot to endeavour to rescue the other boat. The *Ilman* was then bound for Havana for Marseilles. The forty-four persons picked up received every attention on board the *Layayette*, and the Baroness de Stocki, wife of the Russian minister at Washington, made a collection in aid of them, which amounted to 2,862L. The whole were landed at Havre on the arrival of the steamer. Among the episodes of the catastrophe is mentioned that of a young woman only a few months married, and expecting shortly to be a mother, who in the confusion was mistook for her husband. The sailor swam away with his barthen to the boat, and they were both picked up, but the young wife's stupr action on discovering her error was painful to witness. There are, however, still hopes that the husband may have been saved in the other boat. An emigrant was so fortunate as to save his four children from both fire and water, and get them on board one of the boats. His wife was, however, still on the burning ship. He swam back to the *William Nelson*, got on board, threw his wife into the sea, jumped in after her, and again reached the boat with her, thus saving his entire family.

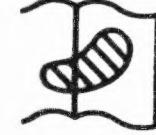
TERIBLE THUNDERSTORM AND LOSS OF LIFE.

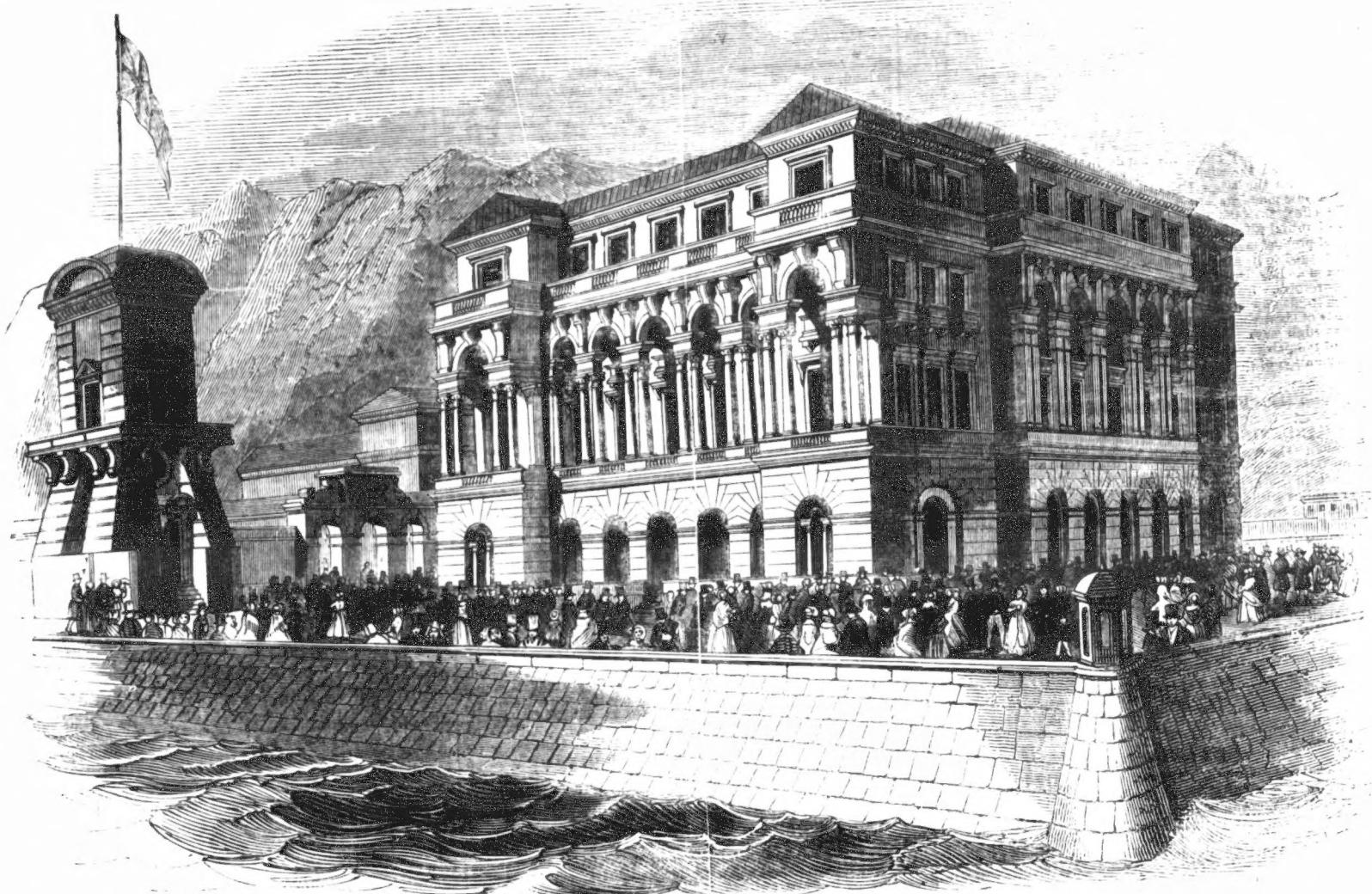
On Saturday forenoon a severe thunderstorm passed over Oldham. It lasted several hours, and was accompanied by heavy showers of rain and hail. A boy named Martin Cokley, aged ten years, accidentally fell into a brook near the Mumps Railway Station, and was swept into a culvert and drowned. The telegraph apparatus at the Townfield police-station was broken by the electric fluid, and the connecting wires were completely melted. The apparatus connected with the gas and water works was also damaged, and several trees were injured on the Clarksfield estate. A factory chimney was also struck by lightning. The flood caused considerable damage in cottages situated in the lower part of the town. At Stalybridge the storm caused an immense destruction of plants and fruits in cottage gardens, and of goods in the cellars of shopkeepers. The main sewers were utterly unable to convey the water away as fast as it descended. The waters rose in the cellars on the Castlehill side of the town to the height of several feet. From the highest part of the town—the sand hill—hundreds of cartloads of earth and stones were carried away and deposited in the streets, houses, and cellars. The cellars of the co-operative stores, of Mr. Thompson, druggist, Mr. Fernihough, and others, were about five feet deep in water and filth, while the destruction of groceries, oils, paints, &c., was very great, from the fact that the shopkeepers had just obtained stocks for the approaching wakes. In several beer cellars barrels were floating about, and scarcely a shop cellar in Pudreys, Walmley, Kenworthy, and Crossanor-streets escaped damage by the element. A bakeshouse was flooded several feet deep, the fires put out, and the inmates escaped by a rapid flight. In High-street the water rushed in at the front door of the houses, then out at the back, and ultimately into some cellar dwellings, which were soon filled with water, and the beds and furniture floated about like chips. At Birmingham, the thunderstorm, which was accompanied by hail and lightning, besides doing damage to property to the amount of several thousand pounds, occasioned in one instance loss of life, and in others injury to several persons. Mrs. Caroline Duggan, a woman of middle age, wife of the landlord of the Beehive Tavern, in Digbeth, was in an upper room of her house, engaged in making the beds, when an instantaneous rush of the electric current came through the roof, knocked her down, and killed her on the spot. The damage done to the building was but slight. A woman and a boy in Nelson-street were also badly hurt from a similar cause.—*Manchester Courier*.

BIRTH BY THE ROADSIDE.—A poor female tramp (deserted by her husband), who had wandered away from the city parish, Aberdeen, was one very hot day last week wearily trudging from Tarves towards Oldmeldrum, when, on reaching a lonely part of the road, she was suddenly overtaken with the pains of child labour. She crept to the grassy couch by the dyke side, and without any extraneous aid whatever was safely delivered of a living child. Wrapping the wee stranger in her apron, she was soon after seen pursuing her journey to Oldmeldrum, where she called on the inspector of poor, praying him to send her home. After making due preparation she was sent on by the railway to the St. Nicholas authorities.—*Aberdeen Herald*.

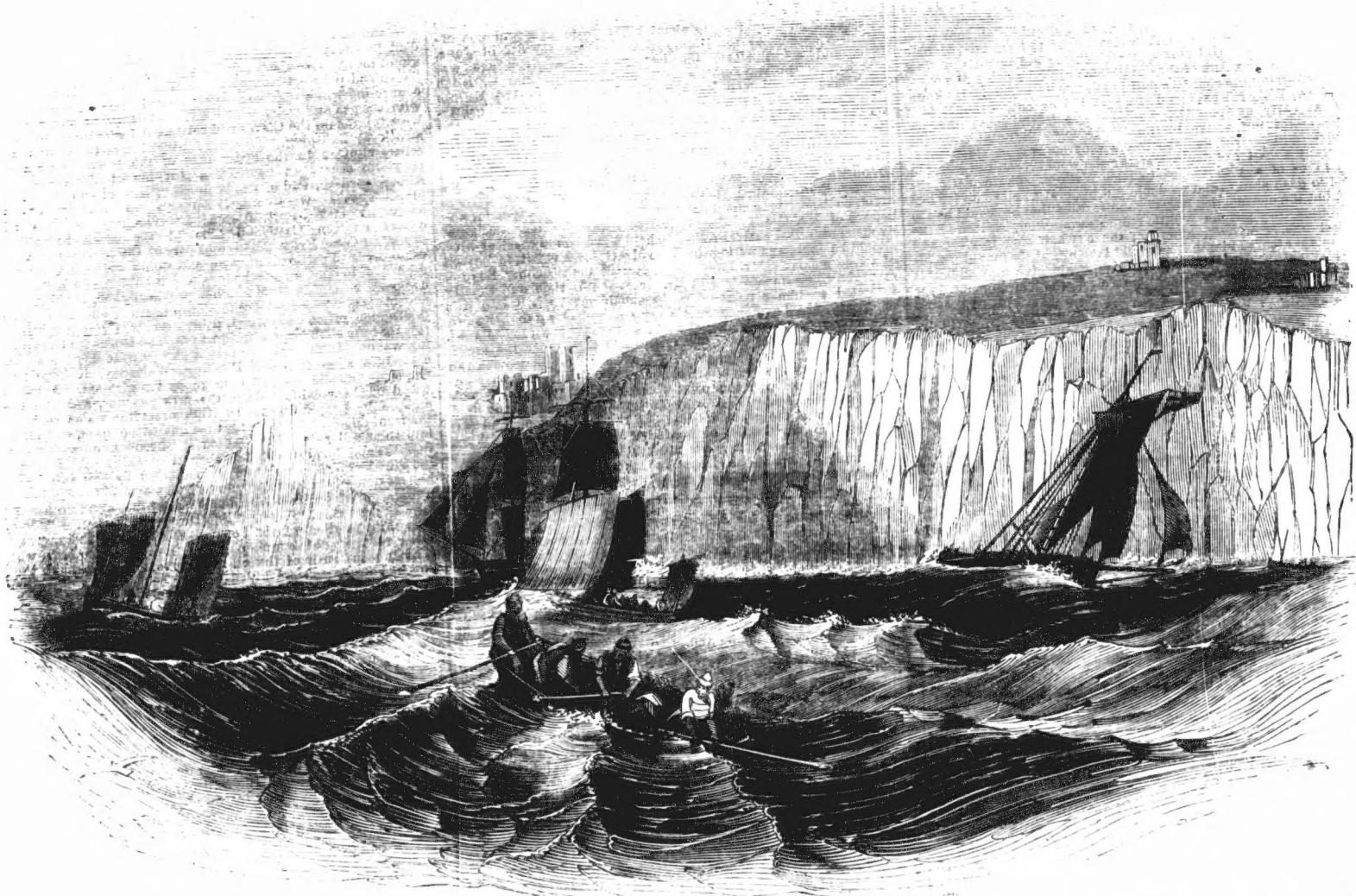
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street, W.C.—[Advertisement.]





A TRIP TO DOVER.—THE LORD WARDEN HOTEL. (See page 70.)



A TRIP TO DOVER.—THE SOUTH FORELAND, FROM THE SEA. (See page 70.)

JULY 15, 1865.]

CONVICTION OF DR. PRITCHARD FOR MURDER.

Since Palmer watched the dying agonies of victim, Cook, there has been no more cold-blooded crime than that of which Dr. Edward William Pritchard was convicted at Edinburgh. Offences are apt to fill society with vague fear and suspicion. Poisoning is the foulest kind of murder when the victims are helpless women, members of the murderer's own family, the deed is especially famous; and when, moreover, he who commits a medical man who pretends to relieve those who he is destroying, there wants no circumstance to palliate his treachery and wickedness. Yet the facts of this show how easy it is for a man conversant with medicine to make away with persons in his own house who have confidence in him, and for whom his professional calling justifies his prescribing. Of Pritchard's guilt we conceive there can be no doubt. Never was murder by poison proved by clearer evidence. Even his counsel was unable to deny the fact that his wife and her mother had died by his means, and the only course open to them was to charge the deed on the young girl who was in his prisoner's service.

In the first place, it is proved indisputably that both the women died by poison. The medical men who made the post mortem examination report, first, that there was no natural cause of death discernible, and, next, that there was present in the body quite sufficient poison to cause death. In the case of Mrs. Pritchard antimony was found in the stomach, liver, and other portions of the frame. The conclusions were that she had taken a large quantity of this substance in the form of tartar emetic, that, having regard to the absence of morbid symptoms sufficient to account for death, and the presence of a large quantity of a substance known to be capable of destroying life, her death must be ascribed to the action of antimony. Another report, that of Professor Penny, states that all the parts of the body contained antimony, that the contents of the lungs, the spleen, the heart, the blood, and the kidneys contained mercury; that the presence of mercury and mercury in the contents of the intestines indicates that these metals were being passed by the deceased up to the time of death. There can be no shadow of a doubt that Mrs. Pritchard died from the effects of poison administered in comparatively a short time. The evidence in the case of Mrs. Taylor is similar. There are two reports by different medical men, concurring in stating that antimony and mercury were present in the body, and the conclusion is that Mrs. Pritchard died from slow poisoning.

Since, then, it is established that these two women died from the action of antimony, the question simply is, who did it? It is out of the question, and the victim must, therefore, be the crime of some one who lived with the deceased. Now, of the two cooks who gave evidence during the former part of the illness of Mrs. Pritchard, one died during the latter part. It consequently follows that the person who administered the poison was Dr. Pritchard. The matter, in short, lies between Dr. Pritchard, the housemaid, a young girl in her service, whom the doctor had formed an improper attachment to, and his counsel. His counsel sought to fix the guilt of the crime on the housemaid. Dr. Pritchard's case, however, was not strong, and his counsel should have been instructed to take the view that a young and ignorant girl should be tried in slow degrees and with a skill which kept one



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Since, then, it is established that these two persons were poisoned, the question simply is, who did it? Suicide is, of course, out of the question, and the victims must, therefore, have perished through the crime of some one who lived with them in the house. Now, of the two cooks who gave evidence one had been there during the former part of the illness of Mrs. Pritchard, and the other during the latter part. It consequently could be neither of these. The matter, in short, lies between Dr. Pritchard and Mary McLeod, the housemaid, a young girl in her seventeenth year, with whom the doctor had formed an improper connexion, and whom his counsel sought to fix with the guilt of the murderer. However desperate may have been Dr. Pritchard's case, we are surprised that his counsel should have been instructed to take this line. The notion that a young and ignorant girl should poison two women by slow degrees and with a skill which kept one at least of them alive



DR. PRITCHARD.

for weeks, so as to give the appearance of a natural death, is one which cannot be accepted by any person of sense. If even it be granted that the girl had some motive for the crime, inasmuch as she may have believed that Dr. Pritchard would marry her when his wife died, it is impossible to believe that she would of her own device have carried out such a scheme of artful murder. Mrs. Pritchard's illness was such as might have been imagined by the author of some horrible romance. She was ill for a day or two together, then came a respite, then again the symptoms returned. We know by the medical evidence that these symptoms were caused by the administration in small doses of very powerful poisons, by which an unskillful hand would soon have made an end of its victim. It is reasonable to conclude, then, that the girl was not the poisoner, and, if it be so, there is no one but Dr. Pritchard who could have committed the crime.

The suspicions of his unhappy wife appear to have been aroused some time before her death, but she had not energy to resist the man who was destroying her. It is difficult to understand how the unhappy lady could have failed to connect her ill-health with the presence of her husband. Whenever he was away for a few days she was better, but as soon as he returned the sickness recommenced. She was ill continually afterwards, and the articles of food which were prepared expressly for her were those which

usually brought on the unfavourable symptoms. The evidence of the three servants makes it sufficiently clear that the prisoner, having probably studied the details of former cases of poisoning, conceived the idea of destroying his wife so gradually and naturally that even the neighbouring doctors whom he called in should be unable to detect anything wrong. He seems, however, for some reason of his own, or perhaps through negligence, to have made more hasty work with Mrs. Taylor. That poor woman had, indeed, "got the same complaint as her daughter," but, more fortunate, she was killed outright, instead of being made to lie in misery for weeks to come. Dr. Pritchard, relying, no doubt, on his own skill, was not afraid to have medical assistance, as, indeed, no murderer need be if he calls in a gentleman so strict an upholder of professional etiquette as Dr. James Paterson. This practitioner stated, in cross-examination, that it was his impression on seeing Mrs. Pritchard that she was poisoned with antimony. But he did not go back to see her, "because she was not his patient." He had nothing to do with her. It was not his duty to do so. She had her husband, who was a medical man, and in the case of a consultation the consultant has no right to go back. However, in spite of such perverted scrupulosity, Dr. Paterson happily did not think it unprofessional to speak the truth at the trial, and his evidence was to the effect that both then and now he believed that Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Pritchard died of poison. His description of these two unfortunates is one of the most harrowing that were ever given in a court of justice. All this evidence pointed one way, and that was towards Dr. Pritchard. He had a pecuniary interest in the death of the two women; he alone could have poisoned them — they were poisoned; he told lies about their illness, and made false reports to the registrar.

The jury retired to consider their verdict about twenty minutes past one o'clock, and returned in about an hour with an unanimous verdict of "Guilty" on both charges.

The Lord Justice Clerk then sentenced the prisoner to be executed at Glasgow on the 28th inst., and in passing sentence said that the verdict of the jury proceeded upon evidence which could leave no reasonable doubt on the minds of those by whom it was considered.

The prisoner, who had maintained great composure throughout the five days of the trial, seemed greatly affected when the verdict was pronounced, and leaned slightly on the policeman sitting beside him, but while the sentence was being recorded he completely regained his composure, and after sentence was passed upon him he bowed to the judge, and also to the jury, before leaving the dock.

After the convict had been removed from the bar of the Justiciary Court to the cell below he park'd of tea, which was the cause of the short delay which took place before he was removed in the criminal van to the Calton Gaol. Immediately on reaching the cell where the refreshments were set, he said to one of the policemen who had charge of him, "I am innocent of this charge." This was the only remark he made. On going to take his place in the van he covered his face with his hat to prevent the large crowd through which he had to pass gazing upon him. As showing the feelings of the populace towards Mary McLeod, it may be stated that after she had left the court on the day that she gave her important evidence she walked down the High-street. She was recognised by the crowd that had assembled on the street, some of whom gave her a faint hooting, but it was not apparently sympathetic.



SCENE FROM THE OPERA OF "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOR." (See page 74.)

thised in by the others. After the convict's daughter, Jane Frazes Pritchard, left the court she fainted, but speedily revived. On Saturday morning, Dr. Pritchard was removed from Carlton Gaol, Edinburgh, to Glasgow, under the charge of a criminal officer and three assistants.

The following extract is from Dr. Pritchard's diary:—

"17th February, 1865.—Died here at one a.m., Mary Jane, my own beloved wife, aged thirty-eight years; no torment surrounded her bedside, but, like a calm, peaceful lamb of God, passed Minnie away. May God and Jesus, Holy Ghost, one in three, welcome Minnie. Prayer on thy till mine be o'er, everlasting love. Save us, Lord, for Thy dear Son."

CONFESSON OF DR. PRITCHARD.

The convict Pritchard, in consequence, it is said, of the entreaties of his eldest daughter, has confessed that he poisoned his wife, giving as the reason his illicit intercourse with Mary McLeod. He denies having poisoned Mrs. Taylor, but admits that after her death he put arsenic into her bottle of solution.

A TRIP TO DOVER.

CONDUCTED by the South-Eastern, the London, Chatham and Dover, or other lines, the visitor reaches England's great stronghold.

DOVER.

The town and suburbs of Dover, when viewed from the western heights, or from the loftiest point of the Deal road, have a most romantic appearance. It is surrounded by precipitous chalk hills, and the houses spread over the valley of the Dour, thickening as they advance towards the sea, where they form a compact triangular mass, terminating on the beach in a curvilinear frontage of about two miles in extent. Interposed in various parts of the town are many venerable buildings grown grey with bald antiquity; and many terraced ramparts, which bespeak its ancient military importance. The centre of the town is occupied with masses of well-built houses, divided by several long streets, which radiate from the market-place; and on the exterior and along the borders of the sea numerous detached villas and terraces complete the picture. These modern residences, which are both cheap, elegant, and commodious, form a "new town" at the foot of the castle hill, and are in great request by families in search of health or pleasure. Among the hotels in the greatest resort is the "Lord Warden" Hotel, of which we give an engraving. The bay possesses every convenience for sea-bathing, and the beach is furnished with boats of every size and speed for marine excursions.

Dover is celebrated as standing at the head of the famous confederation of maritime towns, known as the Cinque Ports. They were originally Dover, Sandwich, Romney, Hastings, Hythe; to which were added Winchester and Rye. Dover and Sandwich were enfranchised, and the scheme of their association for defensive purposes partially arranged by Edward the Confessor. The Conqueror, improving on the idea, severed the coast line from Sandwich to Hastings from the civil and military administration of Kent and Sussex, and erected it into a kind of palatine jurisdiction, under a gardien, or lord warden, who had the seat of his government at Dover Castle. Edward I., Edward II., and Edward III. confirmed and extended the system by various charters and enactments, one of which declares that "all merchants, travellers and pilgrims, going to the Continent, should not go from any other place than Dover;" a decree singularly characteristic of the narrow and illiberal spirit of the feudal administration. The institution thus established continues in a modified form to the present day. Originally its object was to convert the Channel coast into a vast rampart against invasion, and to provide a navy for the uses of the sovereign. At present its most important functions are confined to the licensing and regulating of pilots, and the maintenance of its respective harbours. In "olden times" the city was surrounded by a strong wall, and approached by ten gates: a proof of its metropolitan dignity and splendour. But the country beyond, as appears by the Domesday Record, presented a scene of pinching poverty and oppression.

The proud pile of Dover Castle—

Where the Norman encamped him of old

With his bowmen and knights.

And his banner all burnish'd with gold,
stands on the highest point of the South Foreland cliffs, to the east
of the town, forming in its

battled towers and donjon keep,

And flanking walls that round it sweep,
a majestic landmark to the mariner, and an imposing feature in the
grand landscape by which it is encircled.

We also give on page 68 an engraving of

THE SOUTH FORELAND LIGHTHOUSES.

The first lighthouses on this noble promontory were, it is supposed, erected in the reign of Charles II., by a private individual, who obtained royal sanction for the undertaking, and authority to levy, for its support, an impost upon ships passing the Foreland. These establishments became, afterwards, the property of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, and were ultimately transferred to the Trinity House. The lights were what are understood as beacons—huge fires placed on the grated summits of massive square towers. This primitive mode of lighting was continued till 1793, when "two small octagonal towers, supporting lanterns," and fitted with Argand lamps and metallic reflectors, usurped the post of their blazing predecessors. In 1821, the Trinity House Commissioners, convinced of the superiority of the French dioptric system, determined to erect a lighthouse on the model of M. Laporte. The upper light was then taken down, and the present one erected. The tower is a solid but elegant structure, fifty feet high, and standing nearly 360 feet above the level of the sea. Seventy tons of stone form the base on which the lantern rests securely in the wildest weather. The lantern consists of an octagonal iron frame 10 feet deep and 12½ feet diameter, glazed with slabs of plate glass, so thick and "unbreakable" that wild fowl dashed against it by the hurricane are struck dead. The dioptric apparatus is of great beauty, and will surely repay any trouble taken in procuring its inspection.

Below this interesting establishment, and nearer the edge of the cliff, is the second light. Together they form what sailors call the "long mark for going clear off the south end of the Goodwin."

Near the light is the bay and village of St. Margaret, with its interesting Norman church.

LANDING FOREIGN PRODUCE AT LIVERPOOL.

The busy scene depicted on page 76 is one of every day occurrence at Liverpool. Now that the American war is concluded, an additional impetus has been given to both imports and exports. In addition to the fleet of steam vessels trading between Liverpool and Ireland, there are the *liners* from New York, Halifax, Boston, and other American ports, as well as from the East Indies, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Lisbon, Oporto, and hundreds of other places. In short, nothing can be more striking, or better convince the stranger of the gigantic scale on which the business of Liverpool is conducted, than the view from the Cheshire shore of the forest of masts, extending upwards of three miles along the opposite banks; the activity ever visible in all the docks; the warehouses along the quays, instinct with life and labour; the ships constantly entering and leaving the Mersey, and the almost innumerable steamers of every size and quality, packets, ferry-boats, and tugs, rapidly coursing up and down the river to their several destinations.

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London: J. DODS, 318, Strand.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

D.		H. W. L. R.
		A. M. P. M.
15	S	St. Swithin 6 33 6 59
16	S	Fifth Sunday after Trinity 7 27 7 56
17	M	Dr. Watts born, 1674 8 26 9 2
18	T	Sun rises, 45 min.; sets, 8h 6m 9 35 10 12
19	W	Princess Augusta born, 1822 10 52 11 25
20	T	Union of England and Scotland, 1707 0 9
21	F	Battle of Bull's Run, 1861 0 85 1 2

Moon's Changes.—Last quarter, 15th, 4h. 26m. p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.

1 Sam. 15; John 4.

1 Sam. 17; 2 Thes. 3.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

15th.—St. Swithin.—Bishop of Winchester, translated, A.D. 971; buried at his own desire outside the church, the monks resolved afterwards to take up his remains, and enshrine it within the church. They assembled for the purpose, but the rain was so incessant, they could not proceed. This continued for forty days, when the monks desisted, and it immediately ceased raining. Hence the popular error relative to St. Swithin's Day.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To Our Subscribers.—The PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 8d. to Mr. John Dods at the Office 318 Strand.

EICHARD.—Mr. Charles Keen did not appear on horseback in "Henry the Fifth." It was in "Richard the Second."

JUSTRAM.—A coroner's jury consists of a jury of neighbours. 2. Twenty-three gentlemen form the grand jury of a county. 3. Lord-Lieutenants of counties were first appointed in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

VOLUNTAS.—The first fire insurance office was established in the reign of Charles I., in 1623, at the Rainbow Coffee-house, in Fleet-street. It was called the "Pocula."

L. I.—Mrs. Mann's family name was Browne; she was of Irish and German extraction, and was born in Liverpool, in 1791. She married Captain Heanes, from whom, after some years, she was separated. She had five sons. Her last poetical effusion was a sonnet called "The Sabbath Sinner," composed on Sunday, April 26, in Dublin. On the 16th of the following May, 1835, she expired. She was buried in St. Ann's Church, Dawson-street.

F. T.—Mr. Sims Heaves is an Englishman. He was born at Woolwich.

R. B. W.—The best remedy in case of poison is nothing more than two tea-spoonsfuls of made mustard mixed in warm water. It acts as an instantaneous emetic, and, if instantly administered, is a certain remedy.

A. SUBSCRIBER, F.A.S., is an abbreviation for "Fellow of the Asiatic Society." F.S.A. is an abbreviation for "Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries," or "Fellow of the Society of Arts."

R. R.—Mr. W. Farren died on the 25th of September, 1861; Mr. J. Vandenhoff, on the 4th of October, 1864.

LEMO.—The word "sterling" is said to be derived from Easterling, because in ancient times our pure gold and silver came from the east of Germany. The pound sterling was distinguished thus from the Roman pound, which was called "libra octava," or western pound.

JACQUES.—Mr. John Fauché, Savile, country manager and dramatist, who died aged seventy, November 1, 1853, was the father of Miss Helen Fauché, and Mrs. E. F. Fauché, Alfred Fauché, and J. F. Fauché.

BOSS.—Steppe is the Russian name given to those vast systems of plains in Northern Asia. It is synonymous with prairies or savannahs in North America, and with pampas or llanuras in South America.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1865.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

During the past week the whole country has been in a whirligig of excitement caused by the general election. It would be a very curious subject of inquiry to investigate the motives which induce upwards of a thousand individuals to struggle for the honour of sitting in St. Stephen's Hall. The constitution of the country requires not only that the election of the representatives of the people shall be dictated by none but pure motives, but that the representatives themselves shall be actuated by no other desire than that of rendering efficient service to their country. A member of the British parliament receives no salary, nor is he recompensed by the nation one single six pence of the vast sums he may be obliged to expend in order to secure the coveted position of an elective legislator. This being so, one is naturally led to ask what are the inducements which prompt so many individuals to impoverish—and in many cases to ruin—themselves in attempts (not unfrequently unavailing) to enter parliament. In early times there can be no doubt that the patriotism of the knights of the shire and the burgesses was put to a rude test; but at that period the cost attendant on elections was so trifling, and the intervals between the meetings of parliament were so great, that persons were found ready to undertake the burden imposed upon them, though unaccompanied, as at the present day, with indirect profit. When, however, Parliamentary Government became absolutely essential to the administration of the State, and the Sovereign reigned by ministers whose tenure of office was dependent on the will of the House of Commons, the practice was introduced by the Sovereign's advisers of rewarding their supporters in the house with valuable offices the majority of which are sinecures. This practice, which can hardly be said to have come into

existence till the close of the reign of Charles II., developed itself so rapidly that on the accession of Queen Anne the scandal occasioned by the legion of placemen having seats in the House of Commons was so great that a special Act was passed declaring the holders of a large number of offices incapable of sitting in the house, and providing that henceforth all members accepting office from the Crown should thereupon vacate their seats, with the right of submitting themselves for re-election, and further declaring that the holder of any office under the Crown created subsequently to the date of the Act should be incapacitated from sitting in the House of Commons. The precautions taken a century and a half ago for the protection of the representatives of the people from the influences of ministerial corruption have not been altogether unavailing, though it is still true that the hope of attaining office from the Crown is the main inducement to the large majority of professional men, who put themselves to no little inconvenience and expense for the sake of taking an active part in legislating for the country. But it is not the corruption which arises from the love of place which tends at the present time to create the greatest alarm. It has been found of late years that a seat in the House of Commons can be made extremely valuable by men who are perfectly indifferent to the smiles or frowns of ministers. A large number of those who seek admission to parliament are now contractors, speculators, men who take a wonderful interest in the promotion of joint-stock companies; in fact, what are called business men, and who are as indifferent about the fate of political parties as they are ignorant of the distinctions which characterize them. These individuals simply require for their own special purposes to have seats in parliament, and are perfectly ready to give any pledges whatever to those who will send them there. Now, this is a species of corruption against which it is impossible to legislate, for its cure rests alone in the hands of the electoral body. The character of the individual members of the House of Commons has undergone a considerable change during the past few years, and that change will be still more strongly marked in the new parliament.

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SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS AND PASSANTS.—We recommend our readers

who require any Electrical, Galvanic, Chemical and other apparatus to apply to W. Faulkner, operative chemist, 43, Endell-street, Long Acre, W.C., on same side as the Bath. The newly invented Magneto-Electric Cell, which requires neither acid nor battery, and is both useful for amusements, and particularly recommended in all cases of disease where Galvanism is useful, is sold at 12s. 5d.

It is very portable and is fitted in a neat mahogany case. Other Coils with Battery and Handles, complete from 17s. 6d. to 30s. The San Light or Magnesium Wire, manufactured by W. Faulkner, possesses unusual brilliancy. It is sold at 2d. and 3d. per foot, sent free by post on receipt of a stamped envelope. A large assortment of second-hand Lamps, Lenses, Magic Lanterns, and Electrical Apparatus and Batteries of every description. The greatest novelty of the day is the Centrifugal Steam Engine, made of glass. It is prettily fitted up as an ornament, it is filled with perfume or water, and heat being applied, it works with great rapidity, and diffuses its perfume in any place, price 2s. 6d. or packed 4s. 6d.—(Advertisement.)

BEYOND ALL COMPETITION!!—T. R. WILLIS, Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments. Established 1833. The trade and amateurs supplied with Harmonium Reeds, Musical Strings, and all kinds of fittings.

Lists free. 29, Minories, London.—(Advertisement.)

IN CONSEQUENCE of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Tea is now supplied by the Agents Eight, Seven, and One-half Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—(Advertisement.)

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—One of the most remarkable events of this nature which has come under our notice is the following.

Udny. There runs through the village of Quainton, a child of four or five years, daughter of Mr. Aroulde, Free Church, was standing within the village, when the covering began, at the moment the water began to set in motion the mill-wheel which it drove, and the child fell into the water, and was instantaneously drowned.

Mr. Milne, merchant, the child's father, was at the point where the covering stopped, and, seeing the child drowning, immediately ran to the rescue, and, with great difficulty, pulled the child out of the water, and, though it was quite dead, it was resuscitated.

Mr. Milne, merchant, the

close of the reign of Charles II, developed itself so as the accession of Queen Anne the scandal occasioned placemen having seats in the House of Commons a special Act was passed declaring the holders of offices incapable of sitting in the house, and pro- fessor all members accepting offices from the Crown to vacate their seats, with the right of submitting a re-election, and further declaring that the holder of the Crown created subsequently to the date of the incapacitated from sitting in the House of the representatives of the people from the internal corruption have not been altogether unavailing still true that the hope of attaining office from the inducement to the large majority of professional themselves to no little inconvenience and expense for an active part in legislating for the country. But corruption which arises from the love of place which seems to create the greatest alarm. It has been seen that a seat in the House of Commons can be valuable by men who are perfectly indifferent to the frowns of ministers. A large number of those admission to parliament are now contractors, men who take a wonderful interest in the joint-stock companies; in fact, what are called business who are as indifferent about the fate of political as ignorant of the distinctions which characterize individuals simply regard for their own special seats in parliament, and are perfectly ready to give whatever to those who will send them there. species of corruption against which it is impossible its cure rests alone in the hands of the electoral character of the individual members of the House of undergone a considerable change during the past that change will be still more strongly marked in

more horrible than that which has just reached us received, even from New Zealand. A most has been deliberately committed upon one of the and this, moreover, in cold blood, with every sign of can has been committed, moreover, not by a rebellious natives, who had never been brought under civilization, but by the very flock of the missionary himself, he had resided for years, and within sight of his own unfortunate gentleman was, at the beginning of last to his charge in company with another clergyman. On his arrival in a small schooner the captain vered the disposition of the natives, and urged him himself ashore. But the same blind confidence which British officers into the hands of the sepoys prevented from believing that he could be in any danger from his before, however, he had time to leave the schooner of the natives came on board and seized both and the two missionaries. Even then, it is said, refused to believe in the murderous intention his captors professed, and it was not until compelled to strip himself of his upper garments, under from a tree close to his own house, that he was The natives hung him in savage haste, tore open his entrails to the Maori dogs, and his heart and to the still more brutal cannibals around, drank his finally cut off his head, which they have preserved, and churches and other places of meeting as a token of their an emblem of their superstition. Mr. Grace was he would suffer a similar fate after he had served their was to exhibit him with the Europeans remaining five tribes, and thus exhort them against us. Happily, the captain of the schooner had been released, and he with great ingenuity and courage, at a rare moment, Grace was unguarded, to carry him off to her Majesty's ship, which had been sent round from Auckland upon of this atrocity. So far, moreover, is this outbreak of and cannibalism from being local or exceptional, every missionary and settler for the space of miles along the east coast, including Bishop Williams ally, have been compelled to fly for their lives, and often their possessions, which in many cases, as in that of Mr. have been distributed among the savages. Disappointed as the favourable prospects which the New Zealand authority held out to us, we may still be satisfied that the policy been just inaugurated is the best. The colonists will be left to themselves to manage this war with the which their sense of danger and their experience will suggest. It is obvious, at all events, that the cumbersome regular troops have wholly failed. General Cameron slow and cautious marches from point to point along the, and meanwhile, as we have seen, the whole east coast, and the very district which he subdued in the Waikato of 1863-64 is said to be threatened with a fresh irruption by fanatical and determined enemies.

NO AMUSEMENTS AND PASTIMES.—We recommend our readers any Electrical, Galvanic, Chemical and other apparatus to Faulkner, operative chemist, 40, Endell-street, Long Acre, W.C., side as the Bath. The newly invented Magneto-Electric Coil, which neither acid nor battery, and is both useful for amusements, and recommended in all cases of disease where Galvanism is useful, is to 50s. It is very portable and is fitted in a neat mahogany case, with Battery and handles, complete from 17s. 6d. to 50s. The Magneto-Wire, manufactured by W. Faulkner, possesses brilliancy. It is sold at 2d. and 5d. per foot, sent free by post on a stamped envelope. A large assortment of second-hand Cameras, Magic Lanterns, and Electrical Apparatus and Batteries of every kind. The greatest novelty of the day is the Centrifugal Steam Engine of glass. It is prettily fitted up as an ornament, it is filled with oil, water, and heat being applied, it works with great rapidity, and perfume in any place, price 2s. 6d. packed 5s. 6d.—[Advertisement.]

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General News.

THE subjoined is taken from a Brussels letter of the 3rd in the *Economic of Tournay*:—“The King of the Belgians has again been ill for the last few days. He is suffering under an attack of bronchitis, which does not, indeed, present any immediate danger; but the auster and aged patient, who has always enjoyed excellent health, is now so frequently subject to successive ailments, that a delicate and complete return of his former strength can scarcely be hoped for. His Majesty is so paralysed of the seriousness of his present situation that he has entirely altered his conduct towards his eldest son, the heir to the throne. Until recently the King had systematically kept the Duke de Brabant apart from all actual share in public affairs; he imposed on the duke a reserve and an abstention which even those most familiar with the palace have failed to satisfactorily comprehend. At this moment, on the contrary, in accordance with the counsels of his father, the duke occupies himself actively with the politics of the day. He frequently receives the foremost men of both chambers, without distinction of opinion. He converses with all, and endeavours to inform himself exactly of the precise tendencies of each party. His Majesty had intended to go, during the early part of July, to Ostend, but on account of the state of his health he has given up the

At West Coker, in Somerset, there is a little girl under seven years of age, and only 3 feet 4 inches in height. She weighs 120 lbs. Her waist round is 2 feet 4 inches, and her arm, half-way between the shoulder and elbow, measures 1½ inches.

DURING the hot weather a large number of snakes have made their appearance in some parts of Somersetshire, and in some parts of the south of England there has been quite a plague of fleas.

THE Rev. G. H. Waterfall, curate of Berwick St. John, Wilts, has been nominated by the patron to the vacant rectory of Tollard Royal, in the same county, worth £167 per annum, and residence; population, 594.

THE Countess de Montijo, the mother of the Empress Eugenie, has just undergone, at her residence in the Rue de l'Elysee, a painful operation on the organ of sight. It was performed with great skill by Dr. Libriech, assisted by M. Mayer. The Empress and Emperor visited the patient in the evening, and did not leave till nine o'clock.

THE particulars of Donato's death come to us from Cyragne, France, where he died on the 10th ult. It appears that the dancer had all along suffered from an internal wound, for which medical men could not account; and he was sent, in ignorance of his real state, to Nice. On the journey he stopped at the little town of Cyragne, intending to recruit himself, but his state grew rapidly worse, and on the 10th June, at ten in the evening, he expired in the arms of his wife, who it will be remembered had been married to him under romantic circumstances about eighteen months previously. The funeral was celebrated with some pomp.—*Orchestra*.

On Saturday, Mr. William Thurston, of the White House, Dymock, expired in his ninety-second year. On his ninetieth birthday he went out fox-hunting, and seemed to enjoy the sport as keenly as ever he did. Ever since he has been in business he has lived in the same house—that in which the “Man of Ross” was born. The late General Sir J. Thackwell was first taught by Mr. Thurston to ride to hounds. The present master of the Leibury hounds, Mr. J. C. Thackwell, can recount many a happy reminiscence of his friend Mr. Thurston. Many will regret his death, for he not only entertained the rich, but “ne'er forgot the poor.”—*Gloucester Journal*.

THE Queen has issued her *Commission* to the Dean and Chapter of Chester directing the election of Dr. Jacobson, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, to the vacant see.

LORD LOVAT is to have one of the vacant green ribands of the Order of the Thistle.

LORD ORWORTH, the new Lord Chancellor, has appointed Mr. Lushington, of the Chancery Bar, son of the Right Hon. S. Lushington, to be his chief secretary; and Mr. Scott, of the Chancery Bar, who was formerly secretary to Lord Chelmsford, to be his second secretary.

THE Hon. Henry Wodehouse, now second secretary at the Hague, has been appointed second secretary to Her Majesty's Legation at Madrid. He will be succeeded at the Hague by Mr. Lockwood, now second secretary at St. Petersburg.

WE learn from a trustworthy source that the Emperor Napoleon has entered into negotiations with some of the European Powers for calling a congress, the principal objects of which are to be the settlement of pending European questions, and a general disarmament. General Prince Wittgenstein, who arrived in Paris a few days ago from St. Petersburg, has, we understand, brought with him an autograph letter of the Emperor Alexandra, expressing approval of the proposal. Prussia, Italy, and Spain have also expressed themselves favourable to the project. We are not aware whether the matter has yet been officially broached to England and Austria; but we believe negotiations on the subject will shortly be commenced with those Powers, and that the Emperor expects he will succeed this time in realizing his favourite idea.—*Post-Mall Gazette*.

An accident of a melancholy and fatal nature occurred on Saturday at the annual sports held in connexion with the Royal Hibernian Military School, which brought them to an abrupt conclusion, as they were commanding. The boys had arranged to represent an imaginary episode in the Ashante war, in which a mimic fortress was to be taken and blown up. Unfortunately, however, owing to some unexplained circumstances, a quantity of fireworks in the fort exploded immediately after the commencement of the proceedings, and an inmate named Thomas Hart, fourteen years of age, was mortally and three other boys slightly wounded by these dangerous combustibles. The boy Hart died in a couple of hours after the accident, the occurrence of which at once put a stop to the sports. The Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Wodehouse were present at the time.

FEARFUL HURRICANE AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

On page 76 we give an illustration of the fearful hurricane off the Cape of Good Hope on the 17th of May. The English mail steamed Athens, from the Cape to the Mauritius, was totally lost, and seventeen other vessels.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—One of the most remarkable instances of this nature which has come under our notice occurred lately at Udny. There runs through the village of Quarry a burn or mill-lade, which is covered in for about 250 yards—its course through the village. A child of four or five years, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Auld, Free Church, was standing with her mother near where the covering begins, at the moment the water had been let on to set in motion the mill-wheel which it drives. From some cause the child fell into the water, and was instantly swept by the current under the covering. The mother on seeing her infant disappear, and being powerless to help, was quite overcome, and the greatest consternation prevailed among all who were near. Attempts were made without success to find the child by removing part of the covering. Mr. Milne, merchant, then stationed himself at the point where the covering stops, and, after waiting with intense anxiety for several minutes, the poor thing came floating out and was instantly rescued. She was taken home, and to usual restoratives being applied gradually recovered from the fright.—*Buchen Observer*.

REFLECTIONS ON THE PRITCHARD TRIAL.

THE Scottish correspondent of the *Telegraph* thus alludes to the Pritchard trial:—

“The prisoner was, I should think, the best-looking of modern murderers. He appeared a tallish, rather slightly built man; in height, I should say, about five feet eleven inches, and did not look above the age of forty, which in his declaration he stated to be his age. His photographs, which have been sold in abundance and superabundance, give a perfect idea of his front face, the features of which are more fixed and immovable by emotion than those of any face I ever saw. In profile the remarkable features were a sharp-pointed protruding hooked nose, and a huge bushy long whisker like a large dark brown rat hung by the nose to his temple. He was quite bald on the crown of his head, but he had a lock of his fringed, long, dark brown, slightly curly hair laid over the crown of his head to conceal his total baldness. The head itself was very peculiar, and would, I should think, be a puzzle to phrenologists. It was a small round head. Seen in profile, the line of the vertex appeared to be the arc of a circle, of which the ear (barely visible for hair) was the centre. Seen from behind, it was broad over the ears, showing large destructiveness and secretiveness, but only moderate causticeness, and was in that respect quite consistent with the history of his case. But in the intellectual regions it was rather superior; and it certainly showed high developments of benevolence,慷慨ness, and hope, and low firmness and conscientiousness. His high benevolence will not go to confirm the truth of phrenology; for, if these were parts of his mental constitution, it is difficult to conjecture how he could go on poisoning a devoted wife for two or three months; yet I really think there must have been some genuine kindness in the man, or he could not have secured so much devotion or made so zealous friends. He may have relented during these three months several times. Apparently he did relent, in his half-frantic ravings, after his wife actually did die, accusing himself of cruelty to her who had been so kind, as if he were moralizing aloud as her murderer. His veneration may help to explain his large professions of religion, and the fact that when taken into custody he engaged in prayer in presence of the Glasgow policemen, before he was placed in his own cell—performance which, if due to hypnosis, showed a mind capable of anything, however vile. I confess that neither physiognomy or phrenology would have put me strongly on my guard against Dr. Pritchard. There was, however, something suggesting suspicion in his cool, steady, always half-closed, dark-brown or dark-yellow eye. I have seen nothing human like it—nothing like it, except the cold, steady, half-sleepy eye of the cobra or rat-tail-snake on the other side of a sheet of glass. His voice, when he said “Not guilty, my lord,” sounded hollow, sepulchral, and insincere. He seemed pretty full of life the first, two days of the trial; but during the Solicitor-General's speech and the charge of Lord Justice Clerk, the icy immobility of his countenance could not conceal his misery from those who were close to him. There was a slight flush on his cheeks, and a strange slight twitches of his nose and lips; and in his long, steady, imploring looks to the jury he seemed to say, ‘Oh, let me go away this once, and to all time I shall never do anything to bring me here again.’ I felt inexpressibly sorry for the wretched. Unlike most great criminals, he had intellect enough to enable him completely to realize his terrible position. I have no doubt the knowledge of poisons disseminated by this trial will produce a crop of poisoners; but I think contemplating the agonies of anticipated death passing over the face of Pritchard for half an hour would have terrified the boldest poisoner from his dangerous endeavour. When the charge of the judge was finished his hope seemed to be almost gone, but his self-possession did not leave him. He laid his face on his handkerchief on the bar for a minute or two, and then walked down the stairs which the trap-door in front of the dock concealed. Many of the jury were looking almost as miserable as he was. Some of them, I have since learned, had hardly slept for nights. They retired, and stayed away for an hour. Their bell rang, and they came back, some of them weeping, and gave in their verdict, finding him guilty of both murders. Then there followed the long tedious pause of five or ten minutes in the proceedings, which is taken up by writing out the formal sentence of death in the books of the court; and when it was done Justice Clerk pronounced the sentence. When told by the judge that he knew that on the verdict only one sentence could follow, that of the last penalty of the law, Pritchard bowed in assent. When the formal sentence was read, with the ancient and awful addition, ‘which is pronounced for doom,’ the condemned man bowed low, first to the jury, and then to the court, artificial and gentleman-like to the last, and walked with tremulous steps down the concealed stairs, which have been descended by many doomed to death on the scaffold, but never by any who could entertain less hope.

“Of the other persons who appeared at the trial the one who excited the amount of interest next in order to the prisoner was Mary McLeod, the poor Highland girl, whom he had reduced before she was sixteen, and promised to marry if his wife died before him. The defence of the prisoner rendered it necessary that suspicion of the guilt of murder should be thrown upon this girl. But her appearance belied completely all insinuations of murder against her. She was a good-looking girl, with dark auburn hair, fine forehead, and intelligent expression. She had rather coarse, loose lips, but there was nothing else in her face to suggest the slightest doubt as to her morals. And in giving her evidence she showed so much resolution and self-will that I could not help thinking that but for the circumstance of her having fallen in the way of a man like Pritchard at the critical age of fifteen, she might have borne through life, and deservedly, a perfectly unblemished character, and that the seduction of this poor thing was not the least of his crimes. The bias of her evidence was decidedly favourable to Pritchard, which it would not have been had she been either a principal or an accomplice anxious to escape from the suspicion of guilt herself; and in the interruptions of the evidence, twice or thrice, she threw curious, anxious glances at him, showing how deeply, at one time, he had involved her girlish feelings by his professions and presents of brooches, little trinkets, and his likenesses, one copy of which, in a brooch, she confessed, in a whisper, to having torn since the suspicion against him arose. Catherine Latimer, her first fellow-servant, was a stoutish, stupid Irishwoman, of about forty. Her memory was not to be trusted, for she made several mistakes as to dates, and her intellect was obviously not such as to entitle her observations to much trust. Her successor, Mary Paterson, a ruddy, blushing Scotch girl, was more intelligent, and decidedly biased against Pritchard. She seemed to have private reasons of her own for thinking him a scoundrel, and no one of the witnesses showed so decided an animus against him except her namesake, Dr. Pritchard.

“The only really great speech in the case was the charge of the Lord Justice Clerk. Except, perhaps, the speech of Sir Alexander Cockburn against Palmer, I do not remember any speech of the kind which surpasses it. The materials, however, in Palmer's case were far more various and delicate, and the evidence, apart from motive, by no means so strong; so that there was better opportunity for great speech. The fault of the Lord Justice Clerk's charge is a charge that it was rather too strong against the prisoner. For example, he put the most vital question of the case, as to whether the prisoner or Mary McLeod committed the murder as a question of balance of probabilities, and told the jury that they had to choose between the two; whereas they were not shut up to any such alternative, Mary McLeod not being, on her trial, but to usual restoratives being applied gradually recovered from the fright.—*Buchen Observer*.

possible that Mary McLeod could have done it. The Solicitor-General's speech was very effective at parts, but was not well sustained. In treating of the strong points of evidence it was temperate, but had a tendency to become dogmatic and declamatory when the evidence was weak. That of Mr. Clarke was all that could have been expected of him, being an excellent worker of common work, but not a man to rise to a great occasion. The defence, indeed, was not marked by any peculiar ability or boldness. It was just a decent foil to the prosecution, and a respectable formal proceeding in the way of conducting a predestined victim to the scaffold. It mainly consisted in doing nothing, and trusting to frighten the jury into disbelieving that it was man to be so diabolical, and that, ‘if guilty, the prisoner is the greatest criminal that ever lived.’ The medical evidence was not attacked at all, though it was plainly assailable. The medical and chemical reports were to the effect that both women died of repeated doses of antimony, and the two reports were, in point of fact, substantially the same. But it is certain that the mother-in-law did not get above two doses of antimony, so that the chemical analysis and post-mortem examination did not show that the wife got above two doses; that is, did not show a course of poisoning extending over months. It is also certain that the mother-in-law died of something else than antimony, either opium or aconite, in addition, or both. That being so, how is it to be held for certain that the wife died of antimony alone? I, for one, do not believe that she did, though I have no doubt that her husband poisoned her; and I quite expect that Pritchard, like Palmer, under some mental reservation as to the kind of poison not being alleged and proved, will maintain his innocence to the last. In fact, I thought that I could read in his face, as the doctors were giving their evidence, comments on it such as, ‘That is very ingenious, but it is not the fact. I did it quite differently; and although your speculations may hang me, they are entirely wrong.’ Especially did it strike me that this was so about the antimony and aconite mixed in Mrs. Taylor's bottle of Battley's solution. From his looks when that came up, and from his conduct in not making away with the residue of that bottle, though he had it in his power, and more than a month in which to do it, my conviction is that Mrs. Taylor was not poisoned out of that bottle, but in the bitter beer of which he spoke to Dr. Paterson, or in some other way: perhaps in some food or drink intended for her daughter, and that he put the antimony and aconite into the bottle afterwards, either that his wife might use it, or that, in the event of inquiry, the authorities might be thrown upon a false scent. A considerable part of the contents of the bottle disappeared between the time it was taken out of Mrs. Taylor's pocket, after her death, and the time it was taken possession of by the officers. And what became of it? Did Mrs. Pritchard drink it, or did he pour it out? And if he threw away part of it, why not all? His confessions would satisfy curiosity if they could be believed. They would be interesting, whether true or false; and it is to be hoped, if he confesses at all, that he would tell all he knows about the death of that servant of his, who, two or three years ago, was found dead in her bed, her body half-burned, and her bedroom on fire, with the bedroom door locked and the key lost, and her half-burned bed-clothes laying undisturbed above her, showing that something deeper than ordinary sleep had fixed her before the fire attacked her body.”

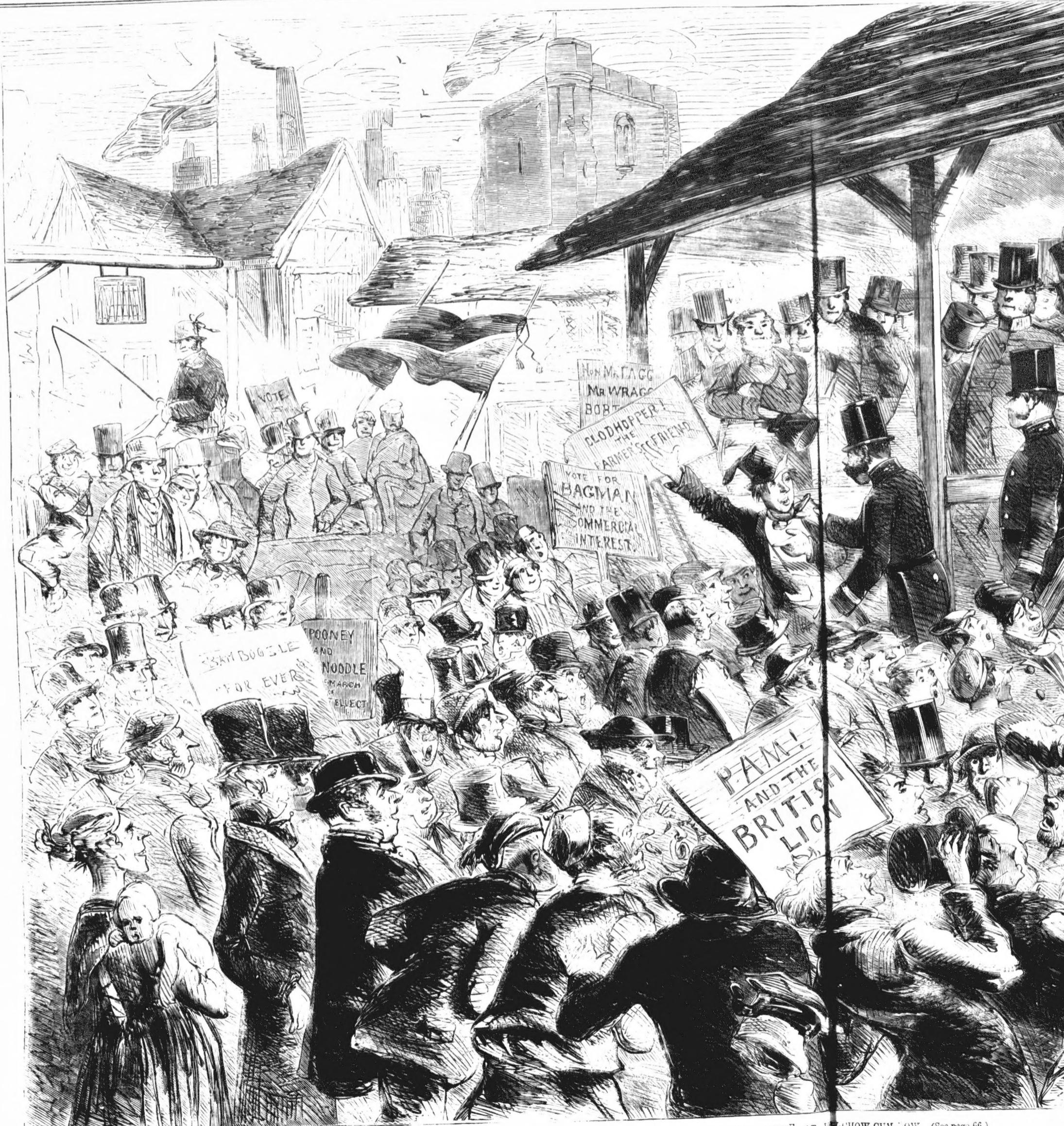
MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR BOYS.

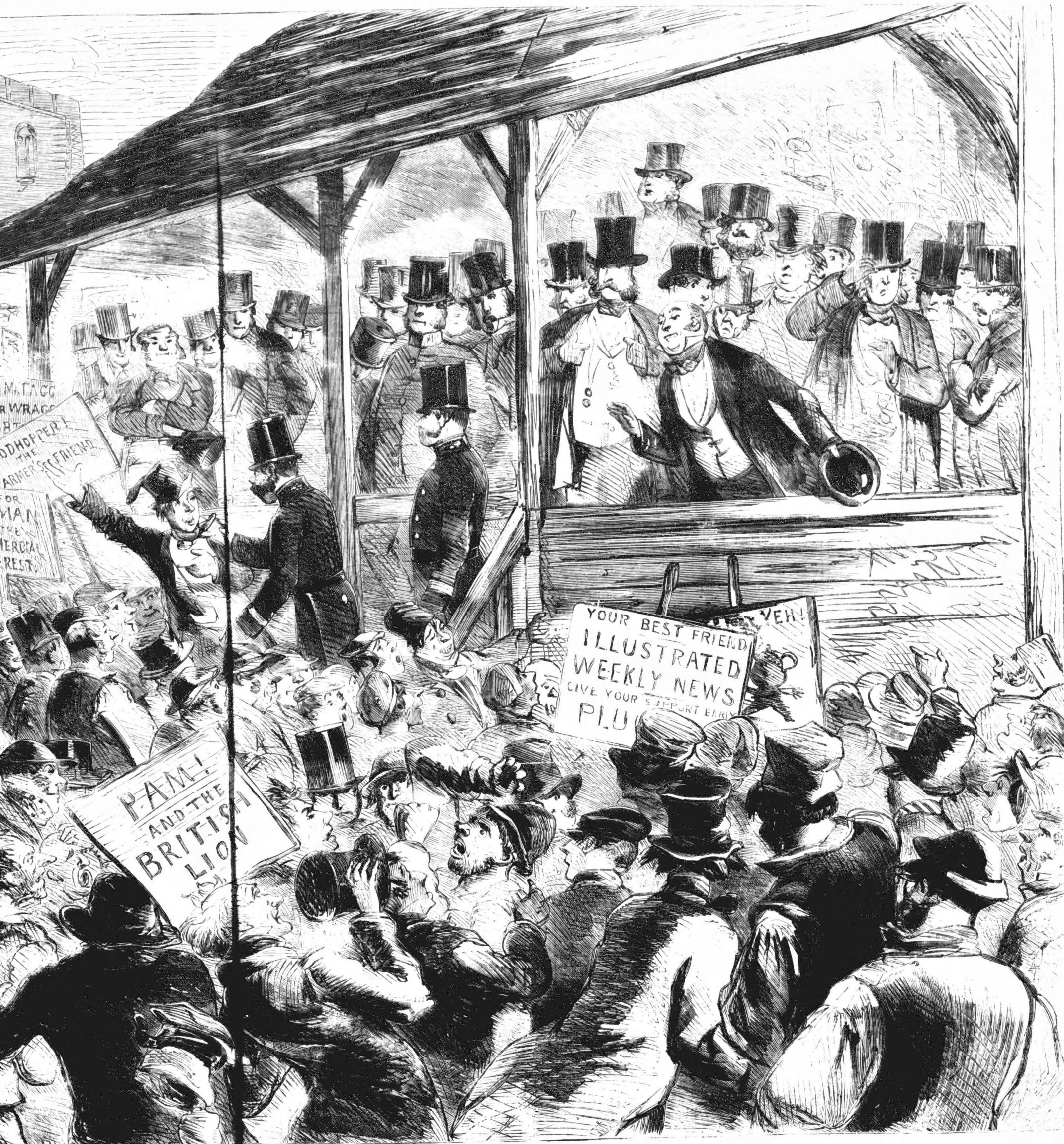
On Saturday, the new and spacious school-house, just erected in Lordship-lane, Tottenham, for the education of the sons of decayed or deceased Freemasons, was opened with much ceremony. Until about nine or ten years ago these boys were scattered over the country in the care of their friends, who sent them to eligible schools in their several neighbourhoods, and charged the committee with the expense. It thus happened that the institution was very little known in the order, and was a myth to the public at large. They saw the girls' school in St. George's-in-the-Fields, subsequently in Wandsworth, and the asylum for the old men and widows at Croydon, and having tangible proof of their existence, liberally contributed to their funds. Such being the case, the friends of the institution put their shoulders to the wheel and purchased the old Manor House, Lordship-lane, as a place in which to lodge and educate the objects of their solicitude. The progress made by the boys when collected into one school was so gratifying that it inspired the governors with fresh confidence. They increased the number of their pupils, and enlarged the curriculum of their education, and were in consequence still more liberally supported by the grand lodge and the craft in general. Thus, then, the institution, when once made known, went on with great spirit; and the building being now completed, the brethren on Saturday met in special grand lodge, and a procession, headed by the stewards carrying their wands of office, having been formed under the direction of the G.D.O., the brethren walked in regular order from the place where they had assembled to the new building. The grand master, attended by his grand wardens, chaplains, registrar, &c., entered the edifice, and having invoked upon the undertaking the continual blessing of the G.A.O.F.U., declared it opened for the purposes of the charity, the new organ, erected by Messrs. Gray and Davison, pealing forth solemn music. As a sum of £10,000 is still required to defray the expenses of the building, some wives, daughters, and sons of the order, who had undertaken to make a collection towards the accumulation of that amount, deposited in the hands of the treasurer a pile of purses containing the result of their labours. This was followed by a *déjeuner à la fourchette* and a great variety of out-door amusements.

LONGEVITY.—On Saturday, Mr. William Thurston, of the White House, Dymock, expired in his ninety-second year. On his nine-thirteenth birthday he went out fox-hunting, and seemed to enjoy the sport as keenly as ever he did. Ever since he has been in business he has lived in the same house—that in which the “Man of Ross” was born. The late General Sir J. Thackwell was first taught by Mr. Thurston to ride to hounds. The present master of the Leibury hounds, Mr. J. C. Thackwell, can recount many a happy reminiscence of his friend Mr. Thurston. Many will regret his death, for he not only entertained the rich, but “ne'er forgot the poor.”—*Gloucester Journal*.

Cossack Justice.—The following story gives a lively idea how the Russians govern Poland. A Jew met a Cossack in the forest, and the latter robbed him of his horse. On returning to town, he lodged a complaint with the major in command, who was (with what truth we shall see) reported to be a most rigid disciplinarian. The Cossacks were paraded, and the robber was pointed out, when, with the utmost effrontery, he remarked he had found the horse. “How?” replied the Hebrew, “I found it upon his back.” “Yes,” retorted the Cossack, “I found you, too; but having no use for you I did not keep you.” The excuse was admitted, and the poor Jew was dismissed minus his steed.—*Jewish Chronicle*.

YOUNG ARCTIC COAST AND BURTON PLASTICS are the best ever invented for giving immediate ease. Price 6d. and 1s. per box. Observe the Trade Mark—H. Y.—without which none are genuine. May be had of most respectable chemists in





Chess.

PROBLEM NO. 277.—From LE PALAUMEDE.

Black.

White.
White to move, and mate in five moves.PROBLEM NO. 278.—By J. A. K.
Black.White.
White to move, and mate in three moves.

between Messrs. Bardswell and White (Lowick).

[EVANS' GAMBIT.]

. Bardswell.

Mr. J. White.
Black.

P to K 4
Kt to K B 3
B to Q B 4
P to Q Kt 4
P to Q B 3
Castles (c)
P to Q 4
B to Q B 3 (b)
Q to Q 3
Q Kt to Q 2
P takes P
P to K 4
P to Q Kt 3
P to K 5
Q Kt to K 4
K Kt to Kt 5
B to Q 3 (c)
Kt to Q 6
Kt takes R
B to Q B 4
Kt takes Q B P
Kt takes K
P to K 3
Q to K 3
P to K B 4
P to K B 3
K to B 2

the correct move is 6. P to Q 4, whereby the second player stands to haveing resource to the defence adopted in this

as prefer the usual move of P takes K P.
The attempt to win the exchange is the cause of all White's difficulties.

The terminating moves are very cleverly played by Mr. capitally played.

EDWIN.—Black's 18th move, in the game forwarded by

it had been Q takes R, which would have resulted in a

—
White.Black.
18. Q takes R
19. Kt takes R
20. K to B 3Kt to K 5 (ch)
Kt to K 5, and draws.

WHITEHORSE-STREET.—We believe that the club held

in the nearest locality.

GREEN.—We have to thank you for your courteous letter.

We observe that we have at once availed ourselves of the

you have been so good as to forward to us.

JULY 15, 1865.]

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS
WESTMINSTER.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Ellen Biggley, a creditable-looking married woman, about twenty-eight years of age, was charged with the following determined attempt at suicide. At about a quarter-past four on the previous Thursday morning Sergeant Furrow, 10 B, was proceeding through Jew's-row, Chelsea, when, in consequence of a conversation he heard at No. 4, Wood's-buildings, and, having insisted upon entering the house, proceeded to an upstairs apartment, where he found the prisoner lying upon a bed about to fall into a sleep from which but for the care and attention of Sergeant Parches she might never have awoke. Having been informed by her sister that she had taken no less than sixpennyworth of laudanum, he immediately had her thoroughly aroused and waded to the station, while he sent for the divisional surgeon. In the interim the sergeant gave her a large quantity of mustard and water which, with her being kept in motion in the police yard, acted as a strong emetic. After this she was conveyed to St. George's Hospital, where she has remained until this morning, when she was considered well enough to be brought before the magistrate. In the prisoner's room a phial, which had contained laudanum, was found concealed in the fireplace. Mr. Seife having inquired the cause of prisoner's attempt to commit suicide, Sergeant Parches replied that she had stated her husband had deserted her and her child six years ago, and coming home on Wednesday week, stripped her of all her money, which had such an effect on her mind that she went to different chemists' shops and purchased the laudanum. Mr. Seife said that he should remand the prisoner for a week.

CLERKENWELL.

A POLICEMAN SENT TO PARSON.—James M'Namee, police-constable 88 S division, was charged before Mr. Barker with unlawfully assaulting and beating Miss Elizur Elmer, of 5, Randolph-street, Camberwell-on-the-2nd with the intent to kill. The complainant said that on the day in question, at about half-past three in the morning, she was in the St. Paul's-road with her mother, returning home from attending a sick cousin, who had since died. As she passed the prisoner he said "Good morning," and her mother answered him. He followed and took hold of her mother, and afterwards took hold of witness by the arm rather roughly. She told him to take his hands off her, and he said, "I am not the first man who has laid hands on you tonight, and you are not better than you ought to be." She had a scuffle struggle to get away from him, and in that her arm was bruised and her dress torn. She had not spoken to the defendant nor to any man on her way home. Mrs. Elmer said that the complainant was her daughter, and on the day in question the defendant took hold of her arm and tried to pull her boot. Whilst she was doing up her boot the defendant insulted her daughter, by taking hold of her by the right arm. She resented very much, and in the struggle her dress was torn. The defendant insulted her daughter, and said that he was not the first man that had laid his hands on her shoulders that night. She did not say that the defendant was drunk, though she thought he had been drinking. Mr. Wommer said that no one regretted more than his client that he should have mistaken the young lady for some one else. He had seen that night, but that he wished now to withdraw all implication on her character, and to render an ample apology for what he had said under mistake. The complainant said that as the defendant would not make an apology at first, she would now leave the matter in the hands of the magistrate. Inspector Stratford and Millard gave the defendant a good character, and said that on the night in question he was perfectly sober. Mr. Wommer said he hoped that the magistrate would be content with the defendant's apology, and dismiss the case. Mr. Barker said he considered the defendant had behaved very ill in the matter, and fined him 40s. and costs, or in default twenty-one days' hard labour in the House of Correction. The defendant was locked up in default of payment.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

A DRUNKEN CABMAN.—Henry Crouch, a cabman, was charged with being drunk and seriously injuring a lady, George Cooke, Woburn-rows, cab proprietor, said about half-past eleven o'clock on the previous night he was driving his cab in Coventry-street, having a Mrs. Way of D'Oyley-street, Chelsea, as his fare. The prisoner, who was driving another cab, and was drunk, drove his cab in such a way that the shaft broke the window and injured Mrs. Way about the face so severely that she had to be taken to a surgeon's in Jermyn-street. Police-constable Patch, A 317, handed the magistrate a certificate that Mrs. Way, owing to the injuries she had sustained, was unable to attend. Mr. Tyrwhitt asked the prisoner what he had to say to the charge. The prisoner said he would throw himself on the magistrate's mercy. Mr. Tyrwhitt said he would remand the prisoner, but he would not take bail unless Mrs. Way was out of danger.

MARYLEBONE.

ROBBERY AT TOM THUMB'S LAVES.—VIOLENT ASSAULT BY A PICK-POCKET.—A young man who gave the name of John McGrato, address unknown, was charged with picking the pocket of a gentleman, and also farther charged with violently assaulting him. Mr. Charles Wake, of 5, Montague-square, deposed that on Saturday afternoon he was in Edward-street, near the Marylebone institutions, when a man on horseback drew his attention to the prisoner, who had picked his pocket of his handkerchief. He at once seized the prisoner, and found his handkerchief in one of his pockets, and also another silk one. He took hold of the prisoner, when some one in the crowd called out for him to be allowed to go by himself. He was allowed to go a little way, when he turned round and struck the prosecutor a most violent blow in the face. After this he threw himself down and struck and kicked all who came near him, and also knocked down two policemen. Alfred Moore, porter at the Marylebone institution, where Tom Thumb had been giving an entertainment, stated that he went to assist prosecutor in capturing the prisoner. He was violently struck and kicked by him. He also saw him strike prosecutor. Thomas Woolis, 179 D, deposed that he was assaulted by the prisoner, and so was his brother constable, who was not on duty. Mr. Yardley remanded the prisoner for former convictions—Anne Allen, who gave the address "Clerkenwell," was charged with picking pocket. Jane Howe, a servant, said she was waiting to see Tom Thumb leave the institution in Edward-street, when she felt a pull at her dress, and saw the prisoner run from her. She missed from her pocket her purse, containing between £5. and £6. About five or six minutes afterwards she again saw the prisoner, and gave her into custody. Prisoner said she was not the person who committed the robbery. She was detained for inquiries to be made.

SOUTHWARK.

A CANNIBAL.—Mary Franklin, a masculine-looking woman, sodden with drink, was brought before Mr. Woolrych, charged with a savage assault on another female named Mary Peckham, and biting the lobe of her right ear off. Police-constable 34 L said he was on duty near Cross-street, Blackfriars-road, about eleven o'clock at night, when he heard cries of "Police" and "Murder." On proceeding to the spot he saw the complainant holding her hands to her right ear, and the blood was flowing copiously. She told witness that a woman had bitten her ear off. He conveyed her to a surgeon's, and left her while he went in search of the defendant. The prisoner was pointed out to him about half-an-hour afterwards, when he took her to the statu-mouse, and prosecutor identified her. The prosecutor, a disengaged-looking woman, whose right ear was bandaged up, entered the court, and being sworn, said she knew the prisoner as living in her neighbourhood. On the previous evening they had been drinking together at a public-house in the Blackfriars-road, and got tipsy. They had a quarrel, and went into the Road to fight. They both fell down, and the prisoner got on her, and gave her a desperate bite on the right ear. That was all she recollects. Mr. Woolrych: But she bit a portion of it off, did she not? The prosecutor replied that she did. The lower part was completely gone. It was apparent that the lobe of the ear was off. In answer to the charge, the prisoner said they were both drunk, and she did not know what she did. She had no recollection of biting the other female. Mr. Woolrych said she was a savage and fakham beast, using her teeth like the lower animals. He sentenced her to six months' hard labour in Wandsworth House of Correction.

GROSS OUTRAGE ON A FEMALE, AND ALLEGED ATTEMPT TO THROW HER OVER WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.—Michael Day, 20, Henry Buckingham, 18; William Turner, 18; and Thomas Dani, 18, impudent-looking young fellows, were placed at the bar before Mr. Woolrych, charged with indecently and rudely assaulting Maria Martin, and attempting to throw her over the parapet of Westminster Bridge. The prosecutor, a young woman of about eighteen years of age, belonging to the class denominated "unfortunate," said the about twelve o'clock on Sunday night she was proceeding over Westminster-bridge from the Surrey side, towards the West-end, and when nearly half-way over she saw six young men coming towards her arm-in-arm, covering the whole of the pavement, and singing an obscene song. She endeavoured to avoid them, but before she could get clear of the pavement they surrounded her, and each of them took indecent liberties with her. She called out for help, but they disregarded her cries and entreaties, threw her clothes up, and took her up, and laid her on the edge of the parapet, and left her over. She was as near as possible falling into the river, but fortunately a young man rushed to her assistance, when the cowardly ruffians threw her on the pavement, and made off as fast as possible. Her petticoats and underclothes were torn off, and she was very much bruised about the body. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered she accompanied her preserver to a shop in the Strand, and having found one returned, and gave the prisoner into custody. Two ruffians tried to escape. Mr. Woolrych asked if she had been drinking before the ruffians attacked her? She replied in the negative, and added, that as soon as she saw what characters they were she attempted to get on the other side of the bridge, but they seized hold of her, and threw her down. She did not think that they actually intended to throw her over the bridge, but they held her over the parapet, and frightened her very much. Lewis Owell, a compositor, said that a little after twelve o'clock he was proceeding to his house, Longborough-place, Kennington-lane, and just as he got on the bridge he saw six young men a little in advance of him on the pavement arm-in-arm, going towards the Surrey side. They were shouting and singing indecent songs. Witness crossed over to get out of their way, when he suddenly heard a female scream out for help. He then saw that the young men had got hold of a female, whom they were holding over the parapet of the bridge. Witness shouted out to them to put the girl down and not hurt her, and when he had crossed the road they threw her on the pavement and ran off. She was in a deplorable condition, her underclothing being torn off, and she was very much agitated. Witness assisted her up, and proceeded with her to the West-

minster-bridge-read in search of a constable, when they saw the prisoners in an iron shop among a number of other young men. Witness found a constable and gave them into custody, but the other two got away. Mr. Woolrych asked in what position was she held when witness first saw her? Witness replied that they were holding her over the parapet towards the river. Mr. Woolrych asked whether they placed her on the pavement when he went to her assistance. Witness said that they did, and then they ran off. He was sure that the prisoners were four of the young men. He pointed them out amongst eighteen others in the iron shop. John Fuller, 62 M, said that about half-past twelve o'clock he was on duty in the Westminster-bridge-road, when the last witness met him near the corner of the Bouverie-road, and pointing to the prosecutor told him he wanted him to go with him and take some young men into custody for attempting to throw her over Westminster-bridge. He went with him into an iron shop where he saw the prisoners, and they were given into his custody. Mr. Woolrych asked what state the female was in when he first saw her. Witness replied that she was in a very agitated state. Her clothes were also much disordered, and she had several bruises on her arms. The prisoners appeared to have been drinking rather freely, and were quarrelling and using obscene language in the iron shop. Their language was filthy in the extreme. In answer to the charge the prisoners admitted having drunk a little too much, but they denied the accusation and all knowledge of the prosecutor. Mr. Woolrych told them they were a set of ill-conducted young fellows, and it was clear that they had acted in a brutal and disorderly manner towards the prosecutor. Although she was one of the class called unfortunate, she was as much entitled to the protection of the law as any other person in her Majesty's dominions. He acquitted them of any intention of throwing her over the bridge, but for the brutal and indecent attack upon her he should sentence each of them to four months' hard labour in Wandsworth House of Correction.

LAMBETH.

THE SUICIDE MANIA.—Louisa Croan, a young woman of decent exterior, was charged before Mr. Elliott with attempting to commit suicide by throwing herself into the Surrey Canal. Police-constable Thomas Bale, 258 P, said that on Sunday morning, at about ten o'clock, he was informed that a young woman had thrown herself into the Peckham branch of the Surrey Canal, and on hurrying to the spot he found the prisoner in a state of insensibility, having been just taken out of the water by a young man, who had dived after her when she was sinking the second time. Restoratives were given to her, and when sufficiently restored, he removed her to the workhouse. There she was stripped to her clothes and placed in a drunken man, especially so when the door is locked.

THAMES.

SINGULAR CASE.—Thomas Francis Spence, a middle-aged man, was brought before Mr. Partridge charged with being drunk and incapable of taking care of himself. The case was somewhat difficult to understand, and the charge entered in the police-sheet was not gone into at all, but a more serious one was preferred. A girl named Jane Gaunt, seventeen years of age, whose parents are living at No. 5, Little Exeter-street, Limehouse, has been in the service of Mrs. Bird, whose husband is now engaged in making a railway for Messrs. Brassey and Co., in Poland, as stated by the witness, and thirty miles from Limburg by the girl herself; but which of the many Limburgs on the Continent the girl could not state. She became dissatisfied with the service she was in, and it was alleged she was not well used. She was discharged, and sent to England in charge of the person who had found her, and at each she received a very good character of her. He had also found out her friends, who were respectable, and some of whom were present, and the only reason she gave for the rash act was that she had no place to go to. The brother and sister of the prisoner, respectable-looking people, here came forward, and said they could not in any way account for her conduct, but promised that if given up to them they should closely look after her, and prevent the prisoner from repeating the offense. Mr. Elliott, however, remanded her to a future day, to give her time for reflection.

THAMES.

ROBBERY AT TOM THUMB'S LAVES.—VIOLENT ASSAULT BY A PICK-POCKET.—A young man who gave the name of John McGrato, address unknown, was charged with picking the pocket of a gentleman, and also farther charged with violently assaulting him. Mr. Charles Wake, of 5, Montague-square, deposed that on Saturday afternoon he was in Edward-street, near the Marylebone institutions, when a man on horseback drew his attention to the prisoner, who had picked his pocket of his handkerchief. He at once seized the prisoner, and found his handkerchief in one of his pockets, and also another silk one. He took hold of the prisoner, when some one in the crowd called out for him to be allowed to go by himself. He was allowed to go a little way, when he turned round and struck the prosecutor a most violent blow in the face. After this he threw himself down and struck and kicked all who came near him, and also knocked down two policemen. Alfred Moore, porter at the Marylebone institution, where Tom Thumb had been giving an entertainment, stated that he went to assist prosecutor in capturing the prisoner. He was violently struck and kicked by him. He also saw him strike prosecutor. Thomas Woolis, 179 D, deposed that he was assaulted by the prisoner, and so was his brother constable, who was not on duty. Mr. Yardley remanded the prisoner for former convictions—Anne Allen, who gave the address "Clerkenwell," was charged with picking pocket. Jane Howe, a servant, said she was waiting to see Tom Thumb leave the institution in Edward-street, when she felt a pull at her dress, and saw the prisoner run from her. She missed from her pocket her purse, containing between £5. and £6. About five or six minutes afterwards she again saw the prisoner, and gave her into custody. Prisoner said she was not the person who committed the robbery. She was detained for inquiries to be made.

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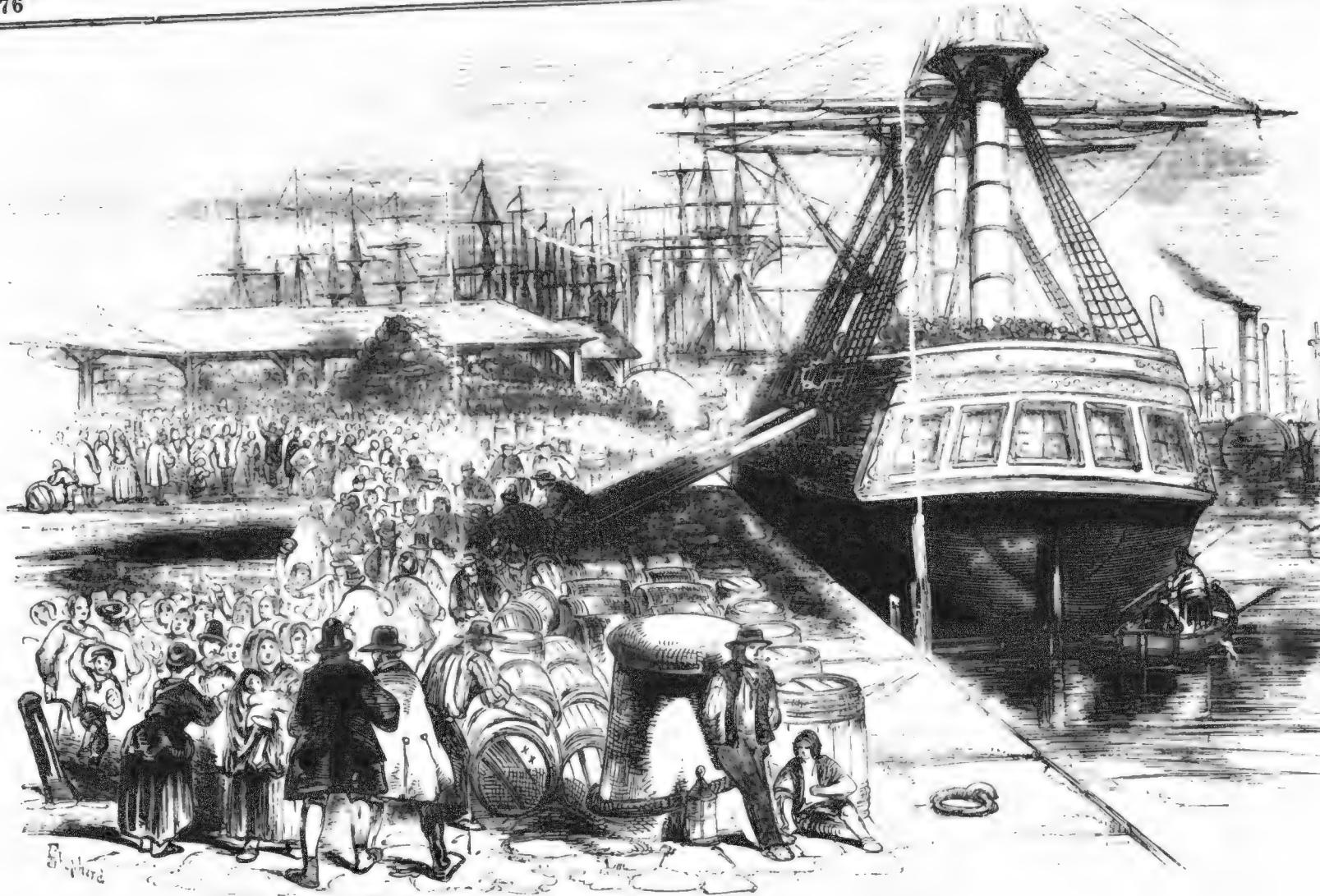
A CANNIBAL.—Mary Franklin, a masculine-looking woman, sodden with drink, was brought before Mr. Woolrych, charged with a savage assault on another female named Mary Peckham, and biting the lobe of her right ear off. Police-constable 34 L said he was on duty near Cross-street, Blackfriars-road, about eleven o'clock at night, when he heard cries of "Police" and "Murder." On proceeding to the spot he saw the complainant holding her hands to her right ear, and the blood was flowing copiously. She told witness that a woman had bitten her ear off. He conveyed her to a surgeon's, and left her while he went in search of the defendant. The prisoner was pointed out to him about half-an-hour afterwards, when he took her to the statu-mouse, and prosecutor identified her. The prosecutor, a disengaged-looking woman, whose right ear was bandaged up, entered the court, and being sworn, said she knew the prisoner as living in her neighbourhood. On the previous evening they had been drinking together at a public-house in the Blackfriars-road, and got tipsy. They had a quarrel, and went into the Road to fight. They both fell down, and the prisoner got on her, and gave her a desperate bite on the right ear. That was all she recollects. Mr. Woolrych: But she bit a portion of it off, did she not? The prosecutor replied that she did. The lower part was completely gone. It was apparent that the lobe of the ear was off. In answer to the charge, the prisoner said they were both drunk, and she did not know what she did. She had no recollection of biting the other female. Mr. Woolrych said she was a savage and fakham beast, using her teeth like the lower animals. He sentenced her to six months' hard labour in Wandsworth House of Correction.

GROSS OUTRAGE ON A FEMALE, AND ALLEGED ATTEMPT TO THROW HER OVER WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.—Michael Day, 20, Henry Buckingham, 18; William Turner, 18; and Thomas Dani, 18, impudent-looking young fellows, were placed at the bar before Mr. Woolrych, charged with indecently and rudely assaulting Maria Martin, and attempting to throw her over the parapet of Westminster Bridge. The prosecutor, a young woman of about eighteen years of age, belonging to the class denominated "unfortunate," said the about twelve o'clock on Sunday night she was proceeding over Westminster-bridge from the Surrey side, towards the West-end, and when nearly half-way over she saw six young men coming towards her arm-in-arm, covering the whole of the pavement, and singing an obscene song. She endeavoured to avoid them, but before she could get clear of the pavement they surrounded her, and each of them took indecent liberties with her. She called out for help, but they disregarded her cries and entreaties, threw her clothes up, and took her up, and laid her on the edge of the parapet, and left her over. She was as near as possible falling into the river, but fortunately a young man rushed to her assistance, when the cowardly ruffians threw her on the pavement, and made off as fast as possible. Her petticoats and underclothes were torn off, and she was very much bruised about the body. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered she accompanied her preserver to a shop in the Strand, and having found one returned, and gave the prisoner into custody. Two ruffians tried to escape. Mr. Woolrych asked if she had been drinking before the ruffians attacked her? She replied in the negative, and added, that as soon as she saw what characters they were she attempted to get on the other side of the bridge, but they seized hold of her, and threw her down. She did not think that they actually intended to throw her over the bridge, but they held her over the parapet, and frightened her very much. Lewis Owell, a compositor, said that a little after twelve o'clock he was proceeding to his house, Longborough-place, Kennington-lane, and just as he got on the bridge he saw six young men a little in advance of him on the pavement arm-in-arm, going towards the Surrey side. They were shouting and singing indecent songs. Witness crossed over to get out of their way, when he suddenly heard a female scream out for help. He then saw that the young men had got hold of a female, whom they were holding over the parapet of the bridge. Witness shouted out to them to put the girl down and not hurt her, and when he had crossed the road they threw her on the pavement and ran off. She was in a deplorable condition, her underclothing being torn off, and she was very much agitated. Witness assisted her up, and proceeded with her to the West-

WANDSWORTH.

CONVICTION OF THE EARL OF WINCHILSEA FOR SMOKING A CIGAR.—Saturday morning, at eleven o'clock, was appointed for the hearing of the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham for smoking a cigar on the platform of the Vauxhall Station, contrary to the by-laws of the South Western Railway Company. Mr. L. Grimes again attended in support of the summons. On this occasion the Earl attended with Mr. Metcalf, the barrister, who defended him. Mr. Metcalf said he wished it to be thoroughly understood that the Earl intended to howl at the legal tribunal. Mr. Thompson, the station-master at Vauxhall, was called to prove the case, which occurred on the 7th ult. He said the Earl refused to desist, and pointed to an engine, and asked him to take notice that there were coals on it. On the following morning, at eleven o'clock, he was in bed, and his mother informed him that Mr. Jagger was asserting that he had stabbed him. She immediately dressed herself, and went down stairs, when Mr. Jagger came with an officer and gave her into custody. Three weeks ago the prosecutor stabbed his wife on the eye with a knife. Mr. Partridge said no two accounts of a transaction could be more opposite than those related by the prisoner and the prosecutor. He should send the case to a jury, and commit the prisoner for trial.

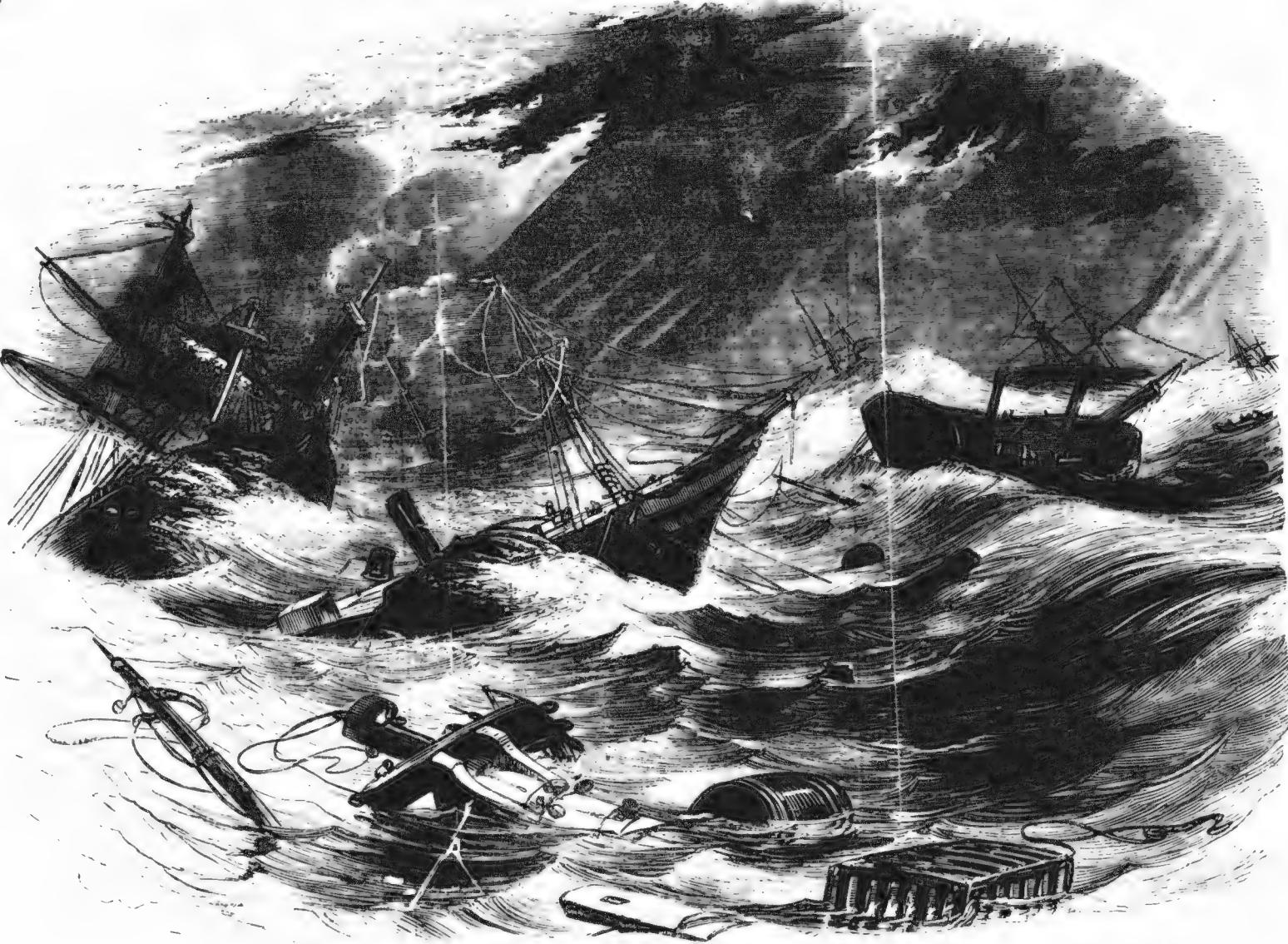
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LANDING FOREIGN PRODUCE AT LIVERPOOL. (See page 70.)

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H.R.I.

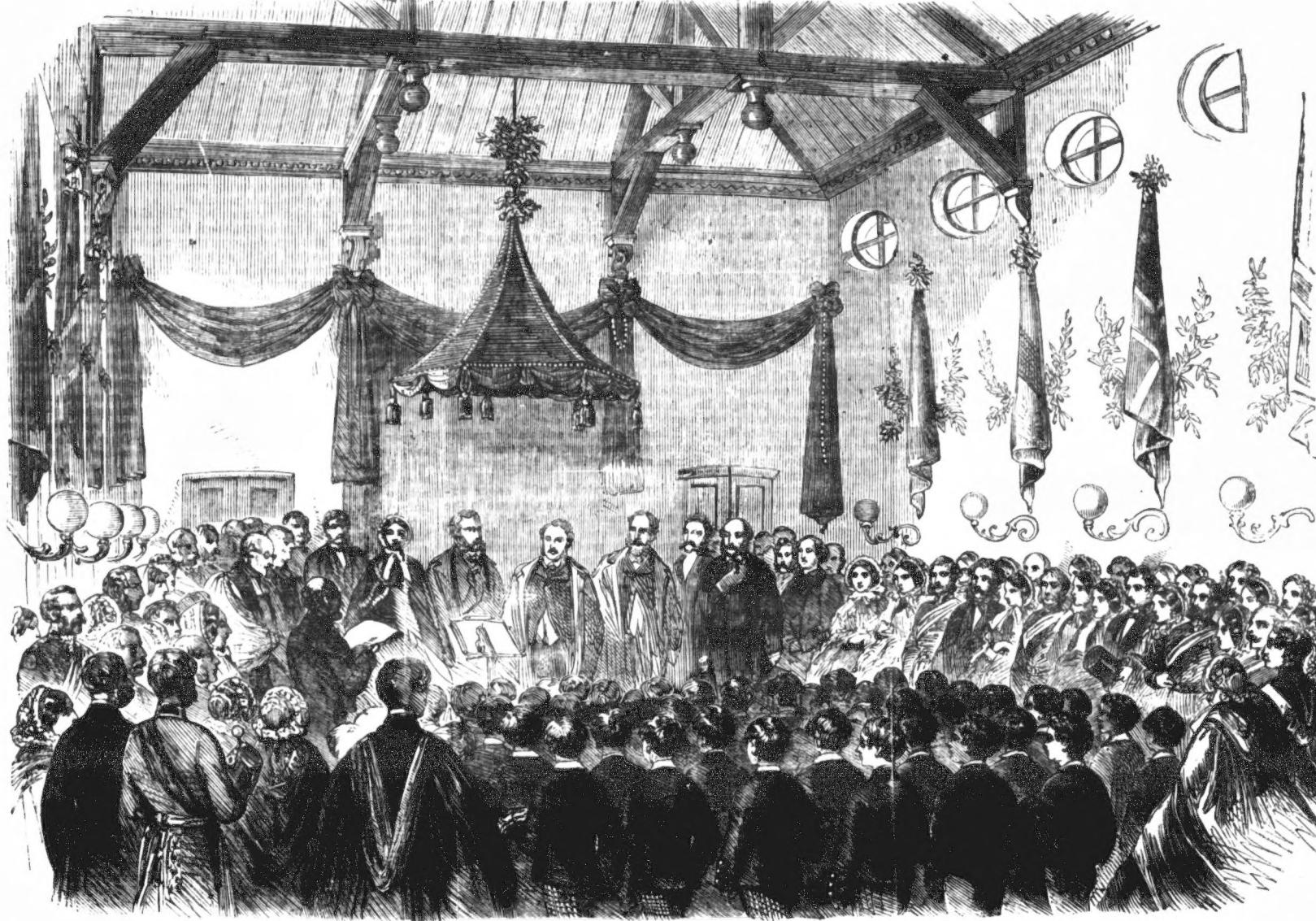


THE TERRIBLE WRECKS OFF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE. (See page 71.)

SPEECH-DAY AT WELL
We give on this page an illustration
senting prizes to the boys of W
Week.

A special train from Charing-cross
and a number of ladies and gentlemen
to the Wokingham Station, where pr
the same time loyally welcome rece
arranged, and were efficiently carri
Mr. Tyler, under directions from Mr
the line, who accompanied the royal
by General Knollys, Lord Alfred
was met on the platform by the Earl
Eversley and Chelmsford, Mr. Wal
and Mr. Cox, governors of the coll
arriving until after the ceremony h
hall of the college. To this scene of
the Prince and the large party of vis
by a short pathway, on foot.

The proceedings were formally
the school, Mr. E. W. Benson, M.P.,
of the Queen's medal, Mr. Liddell, to
his prize from the hands of the Prince
his acknowledgment of the few kin
his royal highness, Mr. Liddell retri
of the Prince Consort's History Prize
merit was named Mr. Walker. This
Arthur, and the gentleman who
portion of his essay, comparing the
the revolt of the Netherlands with
The Archbishop of Canterbury's
by Badolife, who was absent in
was received for him by his
The youth called forward to
Derby in person his lordship's prize
to whom his lordship addressed a f
tion and praise; the master adding
would be the pleasure of the whole c
well he deserved it; that, as head
eleven," he had enjoyed their aff
that he would carry with him from
masters and boys; and that, though
that was good, none but the master
of a head-boy. "I lose in you," sa
this panegyric—and really, for t
master did not look very much the
hand, and a trusty one." A scene
Job," by Lays, here intervened, the
and the accent most creditably deli
Giles, and Gordon Cumming. The
to Edwards, with commendation.
Irwin, was then delivered into the
royal highness; and, with pardon
recited his iambics, which were
poetical passages from "Romeo and
and Walker divided the prize, as eq
Ponsonby was victor over Pattle; in
form, Wade equalled Verrall, bot
white for Latin verse in this g
tained the victory over Hay
Key took the prize by his



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES PRESENTING THE PRIZES TO THE BOYS AT WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

SPEECH-DAY AT WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

We give on this page an illustration of the Prince of Wales presenting prizes to the boys of Wellington College on Monday week.

A special train from Charing-cross conveyed his royal highness and a number of ladies and gentlemen interested in the day's event to the Wokingham Station, where preparations for the quiet and at the same time loyal welcome reception of the Prince had been arranged, and were efficiently carried out by the station-master, Mr. Tyler, under directions from Mr. Knight, the superintendent of the line, who accompanied the royal train. The Prince, attended by General Knollys, Lord Alfred Hervey, and other gentlemen, was met on the platform by the Earl of Derby, Earl Stanhope, Lords Eversley and Chelmsford, Mr. Walpole, M.P., Mr. Walter, M.P., and Mr. Cox, governors of the college; the Bishop of Oxford not arriving until after the ceremony had commenced in the dining-hall of the college. To this scene of agreeable anxious expectancy the Prince and the large party of visitors proceeded in carriages, or by a short pathway, on foot.

The proceedings were formally opened by the head-master of the school, Mr. E. W. Benson, M.P., who then called on the recipient of the Queen's medal, Mr. Liddell, to come forward. Having taken his prize from the hands of the Prince of Wales, and having bowed his acknowledgment of the few kind words addressed to him by his royal highness, Mr. Liddell retired, making way for the winner of the Prince Consort's History Prize, Mr. Irwin, near to whom in merit was named Mr. Walker. This prize is now the gift of Prince Arthur, and the gentleman who has gained it this year read a portion of his essay, comparing the aims and principles involved in the revolt of the Netherlands with those of the Great Rebellion. The Archbishop of Canterbury's prize for Divinity, being won by Radcliffe, who was absent in consequence of ill-health, was received for him by his nearest competitor, Liddell. The youth called forward to receive from the Earl of Derby in person his lordship's prize for French was Mr. Edwardes, to whom his lordship addressed a few words of hearty congratulation and praise; the master adding that the success of Edwardes would be the pleasure of the whole school; that they all knew how well he deserved it; that, as head boy, and as captain of "the eleven," he had enjoyed their affection, confidence, and esteem; that he would carry with him from the school the best wishes of masters and boys; and that, though they knew so much about him that was good, none but the master himself could know the value of a head-boy. "I lose in you," said Mr. Benson to the subject of this panegyric—and really, for the moment, the still youthful master did not look very much the senior of the boy—"my right hand, and a trusty one." A scene from a French play, the "Duc Job," by Laye, here intervened, the characters being well sustained and the accent most creditably delivered by Ponsonby, Hammond, Giles, and Gordon Cumming. The prize for Greek verse, awarded to Edwardes, with commendation to a nearly victorious rival, Irwin, was then delivered into the hands of the winner by his royal highness; and, with pardonable nervousness, Mr. Edwardes recited his iambics, which were a translation of one of the most poetical passages from "Romeo and Juliet." For Latin prose Irwin and Walker divided the prize, as equal in merit. For Latin verse Ponsonby was victor over Pattle; and for Latin prose in this grade of the school Wade obtained the victory over Hay minor. For English poetry Kay took the prize by his poem "Iphigenia," printed

copies of which promising effort were distributed about the room. The prize for German fell to Abby, and a dialogue in that language was presented by Heron Maxwell and Phelps major. The mathematical prizes were then delivered—in the Upper School to Cunynghame, and in the Lower to Foster. The chemical prize was given also to Cunynghame; and a botanical prize, for a collection of wild flowers, was taken by Talbot. The drawing prizes were distributed between Landon, Wyndham, and Liddell, with honourable mention of Boyd major and Pakington. This concluded the distribution of prizes, and the proceedings in the hall were brought to a conclusion by a scene from the "Merchant of Venice" excellently represented by Cunynghame, Ponsonby, Liddell, Wade, Walker, Heron Maxwell, and Kingsley.

On a beautiful plateau looking to the south-west from the rear of the college, over healthy and undulating land, well timbered in the distance, a marquee was erected, and a very sumptuous repast provided for the visitors, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales sitting at the top table, between the Earl of Derby and the head-master, Mr. Benson, who filled the presidential chair. The toast of "Her Majesty the Queen," drunk with every demonstration of loyalty, was followed by that of the Prince of Wales, in proposing whose health Mr. Benson observed that the deep, lasting, and constant interest taken by the lamented prince consort in the college was continued, in many evidences, by the Queen and the Prince of Wales; and that the medal given by her Majesty was a sign of her gracious desire that the education of the boys should be of the highest and noblest character. The toast having been drunk with the greatest enthusiasm,

The Prince of Wales, who on rising was greeted with renewed bursts of cheers, said:—"I am deeply sensible of the kind manner in which you, Mr. Benson, have proposed my health, and in which it has been received by the company present. I need hardly assure you that it is a great gratification to me to find myself once more within the walls of Wellington College, listening to the speeches and at the same time distributing prizes to the successful competitors. I congratulate Mr. Benson and the college on the efficient and prosperous state of the institution at the present time. I feel convinced that our young friends have not forgotten that it is named after the greatest soldier the country ever produced. You have also, I am sure, not failed to remember the deep interest the Queen has always taken in the success of the institution, a success in which my lamented father was, if possible, still more deeply interested, as it was in his efforts that the college had its origin. I have now a very pleasing announcement to make, in doing which I do not think I shall commit any indiscretion or indecency. At the last meeting of the governors, my noble friend the Earl of Derby proposed to devote the proceeds of his justly celebrated translation of Homer to the establishment of a fund for annually rewarding the foundationer about to leave the school who is pronounced by the master to have most distinguished himself by general industry and good conduct. (Loud cheers.) Ladies and gentlemen, I again thank you for the honour you have done me."

The next toast, "The Governors of the College," was proposed by Sir John Pakington, M.P., and was acknowledged by the Earl of Derby.

The company then dispersed about the grounds, the Prince and some few visitors entering the beautiful chapel which Mr. George Gilbert Scott has added to the college. Here a memorial window, by Luson, of Paris, has been dedicated by subscription of the masters and boys to two deceased masters of the college. A recital on the chapel organ, an instrument of great sweetness, was given by Mr. Edmonds, organist and choir master; and as the Prince

walked down the aisle, after standing for some time and listening with pleased attention to the music of Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Bach, his eye caught the figure of Professor Kingsley, with whom he shook hands before passing him. The last half-hour before the starting of the return train to London was agreeably spent by the company in surveying the beautiful prospect, and the Prince of Wales strolled some distance over the heath, towards the ornamental sheet of water, in conversation with the Bishop of Oxford. The train was once more in motion at a quarter to four o'clock, and Charing-cross was reached about half-past five, the royal carriages being in readiness at the station to convey the Prince and his suite to Marlborough House.

DEATH OF A COW FROM CRINOLINE.—A few days ago, a cow belonging to Mr. Warmley, residing in Yonge-street, near Toronto, died from having attempted to swallow a piece of steel hoop about ten inches long, which had formed part of a lady's crinoline. The curved form of the steel prevented it from descending the gullet, where it lodged, and inflammation having ensued, death was the result.—*Canada Farmer*.

THE PRISONER, THE POLICEMAN, AND THE BARBER.—On Tuesday evening one of the Durham county constabulary, when taking a prisoner up Silver-street, Durham, went into a barber's shop to get shaved. When the operation had been half performed, the prisoner, thinking it would be a good opportunity for escape, bolted out of the shop, and throwing off his clogs, made for the Market-place. The barber, razor in hand, and the policeman half-shaved, with the cloth upon his breast, rushed frantically after him, to the great dismay and consternation of the onlookers, who thought them both to be mad. The prisoner was eventually captured, taken back to the shop, and securely handcuffed till the remaining portion of the facial operation had been performed.—*Sunderland Herald*.

ROBBERY OF £1,800.—In the latter end of April last a commercial traveller, named James Stevenson, in the employ of Messrs. Richardson and Co., drapers, Old Corn Exchange, Edinburgh, absconded, and shortly after he had gone it was discovered that he had embezzled different sums of money belonging to his employers, amounting altogether to £1,800. The Edinburgh detective police were consulted in the matter, and the case was entrusted to William M'Dowell, one of their officers. M'Dowell having satisfied himself that Stevenson had left Edinburgh, proceeded direct to this port to prevent his taking ship for some foreign country. Mr. Superintendent Kohoe appointed Patrick, one of the local detectives, to assist the Edinburgh officer, and from inquiries they made they learnt that the person they were in search of had proceeded to Canada. On the 11th of May M'Dowell sailed hence in one of the Montreal steamers, and on arriving out proceeded westward as far as the county of Stirling. He there made himself acquainted with the information that Stevenson had left there some six weeks before. The officer continued his inquiries, and shaped his course accordingly. He ultimately succeeded in apprehending the object of his pursuit in a field about twenty-five miles outside the city of Toronto. Stevenson, at the time he was taken into custody, was dressed as an agriculturist of the district, and was engaged in ploughing. He had but two cents in his possession, and he told the officer that he had spent the whole of the money belonging to his employer which he had dishonestly possessed himself of. M'Dowell arrived with his prisoner in the Peruvian steamer, from Quebec, at this port yesterday morning, and proceeded with him to Edinburgh by the 4.10 p.m. train.—*Liverpool Courier*.

Literature.

THE RIVAL MECHANICIANS.

A SWISS TALE.

"I AM growing old; my sight is failing very fast," said a famous watchmaker of Geneva, as he wiped his spectacles to examine several chronometers, which his two apprentices laid before him. "Well done! Very well done, my lads," said he. "I hardly know which of you will best supply the place of Antoine Breguet. Thirty years ago (pardon an old man's vanity) I could have borne the palm from a hundred like you. But my sight is dim, and my hands tremble. I must retire from the place I have occupied in this busy world; and I confess I should like to give up my famous old stand to a worthy successor. Whichever of you produces the most perfect piece of mechanism before the end of two years shall be my partner and representative, if Rosabella and I both agree in decision."

The granddaughter, who was spinning flax, looked up bashfully, and met the glance of the two young men. The countenance of one flushed, and his eyes sparkled; the other turned very pale, and there was a painful deep intensity in his fixed gaze.

The one who blushed was Florien Arnaud, a youth from the French cantons. He was slender and graceful in figure, with beautiful features, clear blue eyes, and a complexion fresh as Hyacinth, when the enamoured water-nymphs carried him away in their arms. He danced like a zephyr, and sang little airy French romances in the sweetest of tenor voices.

The one who turned pale was Pierre Berthoud, of Geneva. He had manly features, a bulky frame, and clumsy motions. But the shape of his head indicated powerful intellect, and his great dark eyes glowed from under the bent house of his brows like a forge at midnight. He played on the base-viol and the trombone, and when he sang, the tones sounded as if they came up from deep iron mines.

Rosabella turned quickly away from their expressive glances, and blushing deeply, resumed her spinning. The Frenchman felt certain the blush was for him; the Genevan thought he would willingly give his life to be sure it was for him. But his manly efforts soon conquered the jealous feeling, and he said, cheerfully, "Well, Florien, let us accept the offer of good Father Breguet. We will try our skill fairly, and honourably, and leave him and Rosabella to decide, without knowing which is your work and which is mine."

Florien suppressed a rising smile; for he thought to himself, "She will know my workmanship as easily as she could distinguish my fairy romances from your Samson solo." But he replied, quite cordially, "Honestly and truly, Pierre, I think we are, as mechanicians, very nearly equal in skill. But let us both tax our ingenuity to invent something which will best please Rosabella. Her birthday comes in about six months. In honour of the occasion I will make some ornaments for a little arbour facing the brook, where she loves to sit, in pleasant weather, and read to her good old grandfather."

"I will do the same," answered Pierre; "only let both our ornaments be machine."

They clasped hands, and, looking frankly into each other's eyes, ratified the agreement. From that hour they spoke no more to each other on the subject till the long-anticipated day arrived. The old watch-maker and his grandchild were invited to the arbour to pass judgment on the productions of his pupils. A screen was placed before a portion of the brook, and they sat quietly awaiting for it to be removed. "That duck is of a singular colour," exclaimed the young girl. "What a curious looking fellow he is!"

The bird without paying any attention to her remarks, waddled into the water, drank, lifted up his bill to the sky, as if giving thanks for his refreshment, flapped his wings, floated to the edge of the brook, and waddled on the grass again. When Father Breguet threw some crumbs of cake on the ground, the duck picked them up with apparent satisfaction. He was about to scatter more crumbs, when Rosabella exclaimed, "Why, grandfather, this is not a duck! It is made of bronze. See how well it is done!"

The old man took it up and examined it. "Really, I do not think anything could be more perfect than this," he said. "How exquisitely the feathers are carved! and truly the creature seems alive. He who beats this must be a skilful mechanician."

At these words Pierre and Florien stepped forward, hand in hand, and, bowing to their master, removed the temporary screen. On a black marble pedestal in the brook was seated a bronze Naiad, leaning on an overflowing vase. The figure was inexpressibly graceful: a silver star with brilliant points gleamed on her forehead, and in her hand she held a silver bell, beautifully inlaid with gold and steel. There was a smile about her mouth, and she leaned over, as if watching for something in a little cascade which flowed down a channel in the pedestal. Presently she raised her hand and sounded the bell. A beautiful little gold fish obeyed the summons, and gilded down the channel, his burnished sides glittering in the sun. Eleven times more she rang the bell, and each time the water-fish darted forth. It was exactly noon, and the water-nymph was a clock.

The watchmaker and his daughter were silent. It was so beautiful that they could not easily find words to express their pleasure.

"You need not speak, my master," said Pierre, in a manly but sorrowful tone; "I myself decide in favour of Florien. The clock is his."

"The interior workmanship is not yet examined," rejoined his amiable competitor. "There is not a better mechanician in all Switzerland than Pierre Berthoud."

"Ah, but you know how to invest equally good workmanship with grace and beauty," replied the more heavily moulded Genevan.

The next contest was on a couple of watches for Rosabella. On New Year's Day the offerings, enclosed in one box, were presented by the good grandfather. The first was a golden apple, which opened and revealed on one side an exquisitely neat watch, surrounded by a garland tastefully wrought in rich damaskening of steel and gold; on the other side was a rose intertwined with forget-me-nots, very perfectly done in mosaic. When the stem of the apple was turned, a favourite little tune of Rosabella's sounded from within.

"This is surely Florien's," thought she; and she looked for the other gift with less interest. It was an elegant little gold watch, with a Persian landscape, a gazelle, and birds of Paradise beautifully engraved on the back. When a spring was touched, the watch opened, a little circular plate of gold slid away, and up came a beautiful rose, round which a jewelled bee buzzed audibly. On the edge of the golden circle below was the word "Rosabella," in ultramarine enamel. When another spring was touched the rose went away, and the same melody that sounded from the heart of the golden apple seemed to be played by fairies on twinkling dew-drops. It paused a moment, and then struck up a lively dance. The circular plate again rolled away, and up sprang an inch-tall open dancer, with enamelled scarf, and a very small diamond on her brow. Leaping and whirling on an almost invisible thread of gold, she kept perfect time to the music, and turned her scarf most gracefully. Rosabella drew a long breath and a rosy tinge mantled her beautiful face, as she met her grandfather's gaze fixed lovingly upon her. She thought to herself, "There is no doubt now which is Florien's," but she said aloud, "They are both very beautiful, are they not, dear grandfather? I am not worthy that so much pains should be taken to please me." The old man smiled upon her, and fondly patted the luxuriant brown hair, which shone like threads of amber in the sun.

"Which dost thou think the most beautiful?" said he.

She evaded the question by asking, "Which do you?"

"I will tell thee when thou hast decided," answered he. She twisted and untwisted the strings of her bodice, and said she was afraid she should not be impartial.

"Why not?" he inquired.

She looked down, bashfully, and murmured, in a very low voice, "Because I can easily guess which is Florien's."

"Ah, ah!" exclaimed the old man; and he playfully cracked her under the chin as he added, "Then I suppose I shall offend thee when I give a verdict for the bee and the opera-dancer?"

She looked up, blushing, and her large, serious, brown eyes had for a moment a comic expression, as she said, "I shall do the same."

One evening Rosabella was reading to her grandfather a description of an albino squirrel. The pure white animal, with pink eyes and a feathered tail, pleased her fancy extremely, and she expressed a strong desire to see one. Pierre said nothing; but not long after, as they sat eating grapes after dinner, a white squirrel leaped on the table, frisked from shoulder to shoulder, and at last sat up with a grape in its paws. Rosabella uttered an exclamation of delight.

"Is it alive?" she said.

"Do you not see that it is?" rejoined Pierre. "Call the dog, and see what he thinks about it."

"We have so many pretty things here which are alive and not alive," she replied, smiling.

Florien warmly praised the pretty automaton, but he was somewhat vexed that he himself did not think of making the graceful little animal for which the maiden had expressed a wish. Her pet canary had died the day before, and his eye happened to rest on the empty cage hanging over the flower-stand. "I, too, will give her a pleasure," thought he. A few weeks after, as they sat at breakfast, sweet notes were heard from the cage, precisely the same as the canary used to sing; and, looking up, the astonished maiden saw him hopping about, nibbling at the sugar, and pecking his feathers as lively as ever. Florien smiled and said, "Is it as much alive as Pierre's squirrel?"

The approach of the next birthday was watched with eager expectation; for even the old man began to feel keen pleasure in the competition, as if he had witnessed a race between fleet horses.

Pierre, excited by the maiden's declaration that she mistook his golden apple for Florien's workmanship, produced a much more elegant specimen of art than he had ever before conceived. It was a barometer, supported by two knights, in silver-chain armour, who went in when it rained, and came out when the sun shone. On the top of the barometer was a small silver basket, of exceedingly delicate workmanship, filled with such flowers as close in damp weather. When the knights retired these flowers closed their enamelled petals; and when the knights returned, the flowers expanded.

Florien produced a silver chariot, with two spirited and finely proportioned horses. A revolving circle in the wheels showed on what day of the month occurred each day of the week throughout the year. Each month was surmounted by its zodiacal sign, beautifully enamelled in green, crimson, and gold. At ten o'clock, the figure of a young girl, wearing Rosabella's usual costume, ascended slowly from behind the wheel; and at the same moment the three Graces rose up in the chariot and held garlands over her. From the axles emerged a young man, in Florien's dress, and kneeling, offered a rose to the maiden.

It was so beautiful as a whole, and so exquisitely finished in its details, that Florien clasped his fingers till the nails cut him, so hard did he try to conceal the bitterness of his disappointment. "This is all that remains to us, Pierre," said the old man. "We are alone in the world. You were a friendless orphan when you came to me, and I am childless."

With a passionate outburst of grief, the young man replied,

"And it was I, my benefactor, who made you so, wretched I am!"

From that time the work went on with greater zeal than ever. Pierre often forgot to taste of food, so absorbed was he in the perfection of his machine. First, the arms moved obedient to his wishes, then the eyes turned, and the lips parted. Meanwhile his own face grew thinner and paler, and his eyes glowed with a wild fire.

Finally it was whispered in the village that Pierre Berthoud was concealed in Antoine Breguet's cottage, and officers came to arrest him. But the venerable old watchmaker told the story so touchingly of the young man's consuming agony of grief and remorse, and pleaded so earnestly that he might be allowed to finish a wonderful image of his beautiful grandchild, that they promised not to disturb him till the work was accomplished.

Two years from the day of Pierre's return, on the anniversary of the memorable birthday, he said, "Now, my father, I have done all that art can do. Come and see the beautiful one."

He led him into the little room where Rosabella used to work. There she sat, spinning diligently. The beautifully-formed bust rose and fell under her neat bodice. Her lips were parted, and her eyes followed the direction of the thread. But what made it seem more fearfully life-like was the fact that ever since the wheel rested, with her eyelids lowered, as if she were lost in thought. Above the flower-stand, near by, hung the birdcage, with Florien's artificial canary. The pretty little automaton had been silent long; but now its springs were set in motion, and it poored forth all its melodies.

The bereaved old man pressed Pierre's hand, and gazed upon his darling grandchild silently. He caused his arm-chair to be brought into the room, and ever after, while he retained his faculties, he refused to sit elsewhere.

The fame of this remarkable android soon spread through all the region round about. The citizens of Geneva united in an earnest petition that the artist might be excused from any penalty for the accidental murder he had committed. The magistrates came and looked at the breathing maiden, and touched the beautiful flesh,

"I shall never see her again!" the young man clasped his feet convulsively, and groaned in agony.

At last the housekeeper came in—a woman whom Pierre had known and loved in his boyhood. When her first surprise was over, she promised to conceal his arrival, and persuaded him to go to the garret, and try to compose his too strongly excited feelings. In the course of the day she explained to him how Florien had died of his wound, and how Rosabella had pined away in silent melancholy, often sitting at the spinning-wheel with the suspended thread in her hand, as if unconscious of where she was. During all that wretched night the young man could not close his eyes in sleep.

Phantoms of the past flitted through his brain, and remorse gnawed at his heart-strings. In the deep stillness of midnight he seemed to hear the voice of the bereaved old man sounding, mournfully distinct, "I shall never see her again!" He prayed earnestly to die; but suddenly an idea flashed into his mind and revived his desire to live. Full of his new project, he rose early and sought his good old master. Sinking on his knees, he exclaimed, "Oh, my father, say that you forgive me! I implore you to give my guilty soul that one gleam of consolation. Believe me, I would sooner have died myself than have killed him. But my passions were by nature so strong! Oh! God forgive—they were so strong! How I have curbed them! He alone who answered him. But with increasing imbecility, Rosabella was forgotten. He sometimes asked, "Who is that young woman?" At last he said, "Send her away. She looks at me."

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strength, you would always have excelled Florien, as much as he surpassed you in tastefulness and elegance. By striving to be what he was, you parted with your own gifts without attaining his. Every man is the natural sphere of his own talent, and all in harmony. This is the true order, my son, and I tempted you to violate it. In my foolish pride, I earnestly desired to have a world-renowned successor to the famous Antoine Breguet. I wanted that the old stand should be kept up in all its glory, and continue to rival all its competitors. I thought you could supersede Florien's gifts to your own, and yet retain your own characteristic excellencies. Therefore I stimulated your intellect and imagination to the utmost without reflecting that your heart might break in the process. God forgive me! It was too severe a trial for poor human nature. And do thou, my son, forgive this insane ambition; for severely has my pride been humbled."

Pierre could not speak; but he covered the wrinkled hands with his and clasped his knees convulsively. At last he said, "Let me remain here concealed for awhile. You shall see her again; only give me time." When he explained that he would make Rosabella's likeness from memory, the sorrowing parent shook his head and sighed as he answered, "Ah, my son, the seal in her eyes, and the light grace of her motions, no art can restore."

But to Pierre's excited imagination there was henceforth only one object in life, and that was to reproduce Rosabella. In the keen conflict of competition, under the fiery stimulus of love and ambition, his strong impetuous soul had become machine-made; and now overwhelming grief centred all his stormy energies on one object. Day by day, in the loneliness of his garret, he worked upon the image till he came to love it, almost as much as he had loved the maiden herself. Antoine Breguet readily supplied materials. From childhood he had been interested in all forms of mechanism; and this image, so intertwined with his affections, took strong hold of his imagination also. Nearly a year had passed away, when the housekeeper, who was in the secret, came to ask for Rosabella's hair and the dress she usually wore. The old man gave her the keys, and wiped the starting tears, as she turned silently away. A few days after, Pierre invited him to come and look upon his work. "Do not go too suddenly," he said; "prepare yourself for a shock, for indeed it is very like our lost one."

"I will go," replied the old man, eagerly. "Am I not accustomed to see all manner of automata and androids?"

"Did not you speak, dear father," answered Pierre, "but I was afraid you might be overcome with emotion." He led him into the apartment and said, "Shall I remove the veil now? Can you hear it, dear father?"

"I can," was the reply. But when the curtain was withdrawn, he started and exclaimed, "Santa Maria! it is Rosabella! She is not dead!" He tottered forward and kissed the cold lips and the cold hands, and tears rained on the bright brown hair, as he cried out, "My child! my child!"

When the tumult of feeling had subsided, the aged mourner kissed Pierre's hands and said, "It is wonderfully like her in every feature and every tint. It seems as if she would move and breathe."

"She will move and breathe," replied Pierre; "only give me time."

His voice sounded so wildly, and his great deep-set eyes burned with such intense enthusiasm, that his friend was alarmed. They clasped each other's hands, and spoke more gently of the beloved one. "This is all that remains to us, Pierre," said the old man. "We are alone in the world. You were a friendless orphan when you came to me, and I am childless."

With a passionate outburst of grief, the young man replied,

"And it was I, my benefactor, who made you so, wretched I am!"

From that time the work went on with greater zeal than ever. Pierre often forgot to taste of food, so absorbed was he in the perfection of his machine. First, the arms moved obedient to his wishes, then the eyes turned, and the lips parted. Meanwhile his own face grew thinner and paler, and his eyes glowed with a wild fire.

Finally it was whispered in the village that Pierre Berthoud was concealed in Antoine Breguet's cottage, and officers came to arrest him. But the venerable old watchmaker told the story so touchingly of the young man's consuming agony of grief and remorse, and pleaded so earnestly that he might be allowed to finish a wonderful image of his beautiful grandchild, that they promised not to disturb him till the work was accomplished.

Two years from the day of Pierre's return, on the anniversary of the memorable birthday, he said, "Now, my father, I have done all that art can do. Come and see the beautiful one."

He led him into the little room where Rosabella used to work. There she sat, spinning diligently. The beautifully-formed bust rose and fell under her neat bodice. Her lips were parted, and her eyes followed the direction of the thread. But what made it seem more fearfully life-like was the fact that ever since the wheel rested, with her eyelids lowered, as if she were lost in thought. Above the flower-stand, near by, hung the birdcage, with Florien's artificial canary. The pretty little automaton had been silent long; but now its springs were set in motion, and it poored forth all its melodies.

The bereaved old man pressed Pierre's hand, and gazed upon his darling grandchild silently. He caused his arm-chair to be brought into the room, and ever after, while he retained his faculties, he refused to sit elsewhere.

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Three months after its completion, he was still, lying at his feet quite dead.

He survived him two years. During the first he was never willing to have the image of his eyes. The latter part of the time he often and, talked to her, and seemed to imagine that

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A PREFERENCE.—A lady had her likeness taken by a photographer, who executed it so well that her husband prefers it to the original.

One of the Sandwich Island judges is named II—that's the way to spell it; but whether it is pronounced Big I, Little I—or Double I—or Eye-eye—or My eyes—who knows?

A COMMON DIFFICULTY.—"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "True," replied he, "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it."

MARRIED LIFE.—The following dialogue is said to have taken place recently between a married couple on their travels:—"My dear, are you comfortable in that corner?"—"Quite, thank you, my dear."—"Sure there's plenty of room for your feet?"—"Quite sure, love."—"And no cold air from the window by your ear?"—"Quite certain, darling."—"Then, my dear, I'll change places with you."

JOHN KIRKLE was once rehearsing the song in "Cour de Lion"—which he used to sing to the blaring accompaniment of French horns that his voice might be the less audible—when Shaw, the leader, exclaimed, "Mr. Kirkle, Mr. Kirkle, you really murder the time!"—"Mr. Shaw," rejoiced the actor, taking coolly a pinch of snuff, "it is better to murder time than to be always beating him as you are."

SHAKESPEARE says of man:—"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable; in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!" Science says of the same animal:—"Man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailful of water!" This shows the difference betwixt poetry and science.

A PHYSICIAN IN LOVE WITH HIS PATIENT.—A contemporary vouches for the following story. A young physician who was in love with a fair patient, but was unable from bashfulness to reveal his passion, wrote her a passionate declaration, and left it on the table, where the servant found it. The servant, naturally enough, thought it was the servant, naturally enough, thought it was a prescription, and took it to the chemist, who the next day sent it back to the poor doctor, with an apology, that he "was out" of the ingredients necessary to make up what was wanted."

THE GOOD WIFE.—The good wife should remember three things, which three things she should not be like. First, she should resemble a snail—always keep within her own house; but she should not be like a snail to carry everything she has upon her back. Second, she should resemble an echo, to speak when she is spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word. Third, she should resemble a town-clock—always keep in good time and regularity; but she should not be like a town-clock, to speak too loud that all the town may hear her.

WHITEWASHING.—"While at Windsor (U.S.)" says Captain Marryat, "I took cold and was laid up with a fever. I had been ill bed three days, when my lady came into the room. 'Well, captain, how do you find yourself by this time?'—'Oh, I am a little better, thank you,' replied I. 'Well, I am glad of it, because I want to whitewash your room; for if the colourman stops to do it till to-morrow, he'll be charging us another quarter of a dollar.'—'But I am not able to leave my room.'—'Well, then, I'll speak to him; I dare say he won't mind your being in bed while he whitewashes.'"

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